

Doctor WHO

YOU ARE THE DOCTOR #1

YOU ARE THE DOCTOR

BY JOHN DORNEY

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY

Time traveller.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED

Time traveller's companion.

CHIMBLY: KIM WALL

One of his not terribly intimidating arch-foes. An incompetent evil pig-alien with issues.

KEITH: [also GUARD]

(M, 30s-40s) Chimbly's wife. Equally incompetent, bit of a battle-axe. [NB: played by a male actor.]

KATRICE:

(F, 40+) Alien surgeon.

THE RESURRECTIONIST: [also CLERK]

(F, 20s-30s) Alien entity.

ALSO: REVOLTING PROLES.

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TRACK ONE

(OPENING THEME)

SCENE 1. INT. AIRSHIP HOLD

(A FUTURISTIC AIRSHIP. CREAKING. THE TARDIS MATERIALISES. ACE EXITS AND RECOILS AT THE SMELL)

ACE:
Urgh...

(THE DOCTOR EXITS, LOCKING THE DOOR)

DOCTOR:
Something the matter?

ACE:
That smell. It's like King Kong's gym locker...

DOCTOR:
(INNOCENT) Is this not where you intended us to land?

ACE:
Course it's not.

DOCTOR:
Well, no-one manages perfectly on their first attempt.

ACE:
That's not the problem. I wanted Australia! I wanted sun, sea and sand. Not Walthamstow sewage plant...

(HE WALKS OFF, ACE FOLLOWING)

DOCTOR:
The atmosphere is far from fragrant, I'll admit. But it isn't a sewage plant. Can't you feel the engines? That whirr. We're in flight.

ACE:
I don't care if we're in orbit, this place stinks. Literally and metaphorically.

DOCTOR:
(JUMPS UP AND DOWN - EFFORT)
No, we're not in orbit. This isn't artificial gravity, it's the real thing. The hold of an airship, perhaps?

ACE:
Can we go?

DOCTOR:

Oh, come now, Ace. You'll never know what you're missing out on if you don't explore.

(HE CONTINUES WALKING)

ACE:

Please, Doctor. I got it wrong. I admit that. I didn't program the co-ordinates correctly. Let me try again and find somewhere nice.

DOCTOR:

But we don't know what mistake you made. Is this the right time, but the wrong place? Are we nearby or the other end of the universe? Finding out what went wrong will help us compensate.

ACE:

I can follow my nose. And my nose wants out of here. Well? Doctor?

(CROSS TO ELSEWHERE:)

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Well, Doctor? What do you do?

Life's full of difficult decisions for a wandering Time Lord, isn't it? One way there's peril. Another there's danger. Make the right choices or YOU WILL DIE! You are the Doctor! And you decide!

So if you agree with Ace, and choose to depart, continue to time-track two. If you decide to stay, jump to time-track three.

TRACK TWO

SCENE 2. INT. AIRSHIP HOLD (CONTINUED FROM SCENE 1)

(THE DOCTOR HEADS BACK)

DOCTOR:

No, I suppose you're right. I shouldn't force you to stay where you don't want to. If we end up in the wrong place again, we can figure out what went wrong there instead.

ACE:

Great! Thanks, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

After all, your autonomy is the point of the exercise...

(A HEFTY DOOR OPENS WITH A THUNK AHEAD. GUARDS STEP IN)

GUARD:

Stowaways!

DOCTOR:

Ah, not exactly, I -

GUARD:

All stowaways are to be executed on sight. Fire at will.

DOCTOR:

What?

ACE:

No!

(THE GUARDS SHOOT THEM WITH LASERS)

DOCTOR/ACE:

Argh!

(THEY DIE)

(CROSS TO ELSEWHERE:)

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) The guards shoot you and Ace down before you have the time to escape. You both die. Of course you do. The Doctor never just leaves. What were you thinking? Go back to the start - or continue to time-track three, like you should have done.

TRACK THREE

SCENE 3. INT. AIRSHIP HOLD (CONTINUED FROM SCENE 1)

(THE DOCTOR WALKS OFF)

DOCTOR:

No, you can't dangle a new place in front of me and expect me not to explore. The smell will probably get better in the next room anyway. Come along.

(HE EXITS INTO THE NEXT ROOM)

ACE:

It better had...

(SHE FOLLOWS HIM. CONTINUES INTO:)

TRACK THREE (CONTINUED)

SCENE 4. INT. AIRSHIP CORRIDOR (CONTINUOUS)

(THEY ENTER A CORRIDOR)

ACE:

... and it hasn't. Blimey, this is the messiest ship I've ever been on. Do they chuck out any rubbish? Haven't they heard of bins?

DOCTOR:

From the look of things they just pile it up and hope it rots away. Strange. If they've the technology for a flying ship, you'd think cleaning wouldn't be beyond them...

(CLERK IS APPROACHING FROM BEHIND THEM)

ACE:

This place is a pig-sty!

DOCTOR:

(BEAT. WORRIED REALISATION) Yes. Yes, it is, isn't it?

ACE:

Someone's coming.

CLERK:

(PASSING) Excuse me.

DOCTOR:

Oh, sorry.

(STEPS OUT OF THE WAY)

ACE:

Oi, purple girl. You know the cleaner? 'bout time he showed up.

CLERK:

I know of no cleaner. I work in Admin. I must not delay.

ACE:

But -

CLERK:

I must not speak to aliens. I will be killed. Excuse me.

(SHE GOES)

ACE:

Killed? Doctor, it's a dictatorship!

DOCTOR:

Yes. And I suspect I know who his masters are.

ACE:

Oh?

(GUARDS RUN UP FROM BEHIND, GUNS RACKING)

GUARD:

(CALLING) Alright, hands in the air!

DOCTOR:

Ah. I think we may have been spotted.

(THE GUARDS REACH THEM)

GUARD:

You're our prisoners.

DOCTOR:

But of course we are. Do you perhaps want to take us to your leader?

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Do you follow the guard? If so, go to time-track 5. But if you decide to make a break for it, go to track 4.

TRACK 4

SCENE 5. INT. AIRSHIP CORRIDOR (CONTINUED FROM SCENE 4)

GUARD:

The bridge is this way. You coming?

DOCTOR:

Of course. (SOTTO) Ace, when I say run, run.

ACE:

Gotcha.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Run!

(THE DOCTOR AND ACE MAKE A BREAK FOR IT, BUT THE GUARDS LASERS BLAST THEM DOWN)

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Oh dear. That didn't work out very well, did it? For you, the adventure is over. Track five was the correct choicee. Go back to track one and start again.

TRACK 5

SCENE 6. INT. AIRSHIP CORRIDOR (CONTINUED FROM SCENE 4)

GUARD:

The bridge is this way. You coming?

DOCTOR:

Of course. Come along Ace, let's follow the nice gentleman.

(THEY MOVE OFF)

ACE:

We're just going with them? We're not going to make a break for it?

DOCTOR:

I want to see who we're up against. Perhaps confirm some suspicions. (BEAT; SOTTO) You know, all these guards have ear implants...

ACE:

(SOTTO) They're being controlled?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Probably. It can't be the most sophisticated system, judging by the technology. If I can make the implants retransmit all received data back to themselves, that'd set up a feedback loop and interfere with the command network. That'd put the cat amongst the pigeons...

(THEY MARCH AWAY. CROSSFADE TO:)

TRACK 5 CONTINUED

SCENE 7. INT. AIRSHIP BRIDGE

(THE GUARDS LEAD THE DOCTOR AND ACE IN. TECHNOLOGY BEEPS AND PINGS EVERYWHERE. PEOPLE WORK CONTROLS)

ACE:

Wow.

DOCTOR:

I said it was an airship. (A DOOR OPENS TO ONE SIDE. CHIMBLY ENTERS WITH KEITH) That's quite the view...

CHIMBLY:

Is it not, Time Lord? Through that window you see my entire dominion. Everything there belongs to me.

DOCTOR:

But of course. Chimbly of the Porcians. As I expected.

CHIMBLY:

So Doctor. We meet again.

ACE:

Pig aliens. Well, that explains the smell.

DOCTOR:

The Porcians are the most inept alien invaders in history. They've turned failure at planetary conquest into an art form.

CHIMBLY:

Oi, shut it!

KEITH:

You can't talk down to us cos you're tall. We run this planet now, stick that in your pipe and smoke it.

DOCTOR:

I don't think we've had the pleasure. Who's this, Chimbly, another one of your sons?

(BEAT)

CHIMBLY:

She's my wife.

DOCTOR:

Oh.

ACE:

That's a woman?

KEITH:

Watch it, face-ache.

CHIMBLY:

She's a diamond. In our language, her name means 'She that Defiles Dreams and Stamps on Hope'.

DOCTOR:

Which is pronounced in English...?

KEITH:

Keith.

DOCTOR:

Of course it is.

CHIMBLY:

What a treat to find you here, Doctor. When I saw your TARDIS land, I couldn't have been happier. Now you can be my slave like everyone else on this stupid planet.

ACE:

You reckon? Well, I've news for you, little piggy, you'd better watch out, he's the big bad wolf, come to blow your house down.

KEITH:

I'd like to see him try!

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Well, if that's not an invitation, Doctor, then what is? Do you dive for the computer controls and set up a feedback loop to disable all the guards through their ear implants? If so, go to track 6. If you allow yourself to be led to the prison cells, go to track 7.

TRACK 6

SCENE 8. INT. AIRSHIP BRIDGE (CONTINUED FROM SCENE 7)

DOCTOR:

If you insist! Ace, with me!

(HE RUNS ACROSS THE ROOM AND STARTS TAPPING COMPUTER CONTROLS)

CHIMBLY:

What you doing?

DOCTOR:

I'm setting up a feedback loop in the command earpieces. That should disable them long enough for us to destroy your control systems permanently. Fingers in ears, Ace.

ACE:

Right you are!

CHIMBLY:

Oh, stuff this. Keith, operate the trap doors.

KEITH:

Will do.

(KEITH OPERATES A CONTROL. A HATCH OPENS IN THE FLOOR BENEATH THE DOCTOR AND ACE AND THEY DROP THROUGH INTO THE OPEN AIR)

DOCTOR:

Aaargh!

ACE:

Aaargh!

(AS THE CRIES RECEDE CHIMBLY AND KEITH HOBBLE OVER)

CHIMBLY:

(SHOUTING DOWN AFTER THEM) I had vents installed all over the bridge, Doctor! In case anyone tried anything funny. It's a straight drop down to the planet's surface!

KEITH:

Yeah! How high up are we?

CHIMBLY:

High enough. Mile or so. (CALLS DOWN) Happy landings Doctor!

KEITH:

Happy landings!

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Yes, that is quite some fall, isn't it? If only you'd opted for track seven. Maybe you should go back to track one and try again before you hit the ground.

TRACK 7

SCENE 9. INT. AIRSHIP BRIDGE (CONTINUED FROM SCENE 7)

DOCTOR:

Oh, maybe I will. But there's no rush, is there?

CHIMBLY:

None at all. Guards - take them to the cells!

GUARD:

Sir! Prisoners, this way.

(FOLLOW AS THE DOCTOR AND ACE ARE LED OUT, THE GUARDS AND THE PORCIANS BEHIND)

ACE:

We're just going to go with them?

DOCTOR:

There's never any rush to defeat the Porcians, Ace. With enough time, an opportunity will present itself.

CHIMBLY:

Watch it!

(CONTINUES INTO:)

TRACK 7 CONTINUED

SCENE 10. INT. AIRSHIP CORRIDOR (CONTINUOUS)

(THEY MARCH INTO THE CORRIDOR AND STOMP ALONG, DOCTOR AND ACE AHEAD, THEN GUARDS, THEN PORCIANS)

KEITH:

You have fixed the cells now, haven't you?

CHIMBLY:

Yes, my sweet. Of course.

KEITH:

Only those two humans got out really easily last week.

CHIMBLY:

I know. That's why I've fixed them, love of my life.

(THEY MARCH ON)

KEITH:

I think you should probably fix them.

CHIMBLY:

(FURIOUS) I have fixed them! I literally just told you I'd fixed them!

KEITH:

Cos you don't want these two getting out.

CHIMBLY:

I KNOW! Have you been on the cooking sherry again?

(UP AHEAD THE DOCTOR AND ACE WALK)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) I'm glad to see you've finally managed to achieve your dream of planetary conquest, Chimbly. How on Earth did you manage that after all these years?

ACE:

Was it a bank holiday?

CHIMBLY:

Is it too much to believe we just did everything perfectly?

DOCTOR:

Yes.

CHIMBLY:

Well, then, what can I say. We've learnt from our mistakes.

(THEY WALK ON)

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) See that sentry by the door ahead, Ace?

ACE:

(SOTTO) Yeah, I see him.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Every other door on this ship is unguarded. What's so special about that one, I wonder?

ACE:

(SOTTO) Might be worth dashing in for a shufti, you think?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO; UNSURE) It might...

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Do you dart into the secure room? If so, go to time-track 8. If you'd prefer to leave it for later and continue towards the cells, go to time-track 9.

TRACK 8

SCENE 11. INT. AIRSHIP CORRIDOR (CONTINUED FROM SCENE 10)

DOCTOR:

(DECIDING) ... it might indeed! - Excuse me one moment!

(THE DOCTOR RUSHES AHEAD, DARTS THROUGH THE DOOR, ACE BEHIND)

KEITH:

Not the Security Suite!

CHIMBLY:

Stop them!

(CROSS TO:)

TRACK 8 CONTINUED

SCENE 12. INT. SECURE SUITE (CONTINUOUS)

(THE DOCTOR AND ACE BURST IN. THE ROOM HAS A MEDICAL AMBIENCE, SOMETHING LIKE A HEART MONITOR GOING AND A GIANT CREATURE PULSATING AND THROBBING - THE RESURRECTIONIST)

ACE:

Blimey! What on Earth's that... thing? Is it alive?

DOCTOR:

Yes... and it seems to be wired into the mainframe...

RESURRECTIONIST:

(WEAKLY) Help me -

ACE:

Looks like she's in pain...

DOCTOR:

Ace, finding this creature answers a lot of questions. She's a
-

CHIMBLY:

(ENTERS) That's enough, Doctor!

(CHIMBLY SHOOTS THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

Argh! (DIES; FALLS TO FLOOR)

ACE:

Doctor! (BEAT) But... but you've killed him!

CHIMBLY:

Yep. Boo-hoo.

ACE:

But that's not possible. The Doctor doesn't die.

CHIMBLY:

That corpse is my imagination then.

ACE:

He said you'd practically defeat yourselves-

(CHIMBLY SHOOTS ACE TOO)

ACE:

Argh! (DIES; FALLS TO FLOOR)

CHIMBLY:

Got that wrong then, didn't he? Seriously, do I have to do everything around here?

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Oh, what a pity, Doctor. You're dead. It was time-track 9 and the cells. Obviously. For you, the adventure is over. Go back to track one and try again. And this time, get it right.

TRACK 9

SCENE 13. INT. AIRSHIP CORRIDOR (CONTINUED FROM SCENE 10)

DOCTOR:

... but with this many guards around us, it's probably not worth the risk.

ACE:

Guess we might just end up getting shot and killed.

DOCTOR:

Let's wait until a more opportune moment.

(THEY MARCH OFF. FADE)

TRACK 9 CONTINUED

SCENE 14. INT. AIRSHIP CELLS

(DOORS SWISH OPEN. THE GROUP MARCH IN)

ACE:

Nice cells.

DOCTOR:

I've seen better.

CHIMBLY:

You're going to wait here until you get the control implants.

ACE:

Oh, are we?

DOCTOR:

Control implants, eh? The population not obeying you as much as you'd like?

CHIMBLY:

Yeah, well, we've been having some bother with the natives, lately. They've been getting... testy.

DOCTOR:

Oh?

CHIMBLY:

We got low on provisions, you see. Costs a lot of money feeding a slave army, no-one ever tells you that.

ACE:

Oh, my heart bleeds.

CHIMBLY:

Then these two chancers sold us frozen food, turned out to be rotten. They'd done us over. But we soon taught them a lesson.

KEITH:

(QUIETLY) Until they broke out of the cell.

CHIMBLY:

(FURIOUS) You'll never let it go, will you!

KEITH:

You said I could kill them!

CHIMBLY:

I make one mistake, I never hear the end of it. This is like our honeymoon all over again.

DOCTOR:

Ahem.

(PAUSE)

CHIMBLY:

See. Look what you've done. You've embarrassed me in front of the Doctor now. I am so sorry.

DOCTOR:

Not a problem. So we wait here, yes?

CHIMBLY:

That's it. Wait here. The surgeon'll be along any moment. Then you'll rejoin us. As - our - slaves! (HE LAUGHS MANIACALLY. STOPS. SILENCE) Yeah, that was an exit line, wasn't it? I should have gone. Sorry. Spoilt my moment...

(HE EXITS, DOORS SWISHING)

KEITH:

That goes double for me and all!

(SHE EXITS, DOORS SWISHING. PAUSE)

ACE:

Right. So we're just going to wait here to get implanted?

DOCTOR:

Seemingly so.

ACE:

I dunno, Doctor. Something fishy's going on here, we're not usually this passive.

DOCTOR:

Yes. I've got the strangest sense of *deja vu*. I feel like I'm being manipulated..

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION, SHARPLY) Don't let it worry you. Go to track 10.

TRACK 10

SCENE 15. INT. AIRSHIP CELLS

(DOORS SWISH. KATRICE ENTERS)

KATRICE:

Good day.

DOCTOR:

Ah! You must be 'the surgeon'. I'm 'the Doctor', we should get along famously.

ACE:

One of the natives, are you?

KATRICE:

My name is Katrice.

ACE:

Why are you working for the Porcians?

KATRICE:

I have little choice. - Well? Will you submit to implantation?

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Will you, Doctor? If yes, go to track 13. If no, go to track 11.

TRACK 11

SCENE 16. AIRSHIP CELLS

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) No, I don't think you heard me correctly. Do you submit to the implants? I'll give you another chance, and this time I'd like the correct answer. If you submit, go to track thirteen. If you don't, go to track twelve.

TRACK 12

SCENE 17. AIRSHIP CELLS

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Oh, very well, if you insist. You refuse and somebody comes along and... I dunno... strangles you or something. You're dead. Go back to track one.

TRACK 13

SCENE 18. INT. AIRSHIP CELLS (CONTINUED FROM SCENE 15)

DOCTOR:

Certainly, Surgeon Katrice! Always happy to have an implant implanted.

KATRICE:

Then take a seat. I will start with you. First, the cerebral probe...

(THE DOCTOR SITS. KATRICE ROOTS THROUGH MEDICAL EQUIPMENT)

DOCTOR:

Are those the implants?

KATRICE:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

You know, it's interesting, Ace.

ACE:

What is?

DOCTOR:

They're not simple control devices. They're psychic amplifiers...

ACE:

Yeah, that is interesting. What's going on here, Katrice?

(KATRICE SLAMS HER TOOLS DOWN)

KATRICE:

I don't know! We keep trying to fight back, rebel. But they stop us every time! No-one can get close, they're always killed! It's like the Porcians know what's coming!

(DOORS SWISH OPEN. CHIMBLY ENTERS)

CHIMBLY:

Sorry, sorry, forgot to plug your equipment in.

(HE PLUGS IN A PROBE)

KATRICE:

What are you doing, I need no assistance, it's working perfectly -

CHIMBLY:

Hold this probe would you?

(HE HANDS IT TO HER)

KATRICE:

Why?

CHIMBLY:

And switch it on at the wall -

(HE FLICKS A SWITCH. ELECTRICITY FLOWS THROUGH KATRICE AND SHE SCREAMS)

KATRICE:

Yaaaarghhhhh!

(SHE DROPS TO THE GROUND, DEAD)

CHIMBLY:

Oh dear. Must have been miswired.

DOCTOR:

That was completely unnecessary, we were having the implants!

ACE:

You killed her!

CHIMBLY:

Not me! It must have been faulty. No way I could have known. Anyway. Sorry, Doctor. Looks like I've got to shoot you.

(HE SHOOTS THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

Yaargh!

ACE:

No!

CHIMBLY:

And you.

(HE SHOOTS HER)

ACE:

Aaaagh!

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Let's pretend that didn't happen. Go to track 14.

TRACK 14

SCENE 19. INT. AIRSHIP CELLS (PARTIALLY REPRISING SCENE 18)

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) We'll try that bit again...

DOCTOR:

Are those the implants there?

KATRICE:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

Hmm. You know, it's interesting, Ace.

ACE:

What is?

DOCTOR:

There's absolutely nothing unusual about them at all. Go ahead
— implant away, Surgeon Katrice.

(KATRICE OPERATES MEDICAL EQUIPMENT)

(FADE OUT)

TRACK 14 CONTINUED

SCENE 20. INT AIRSHIP CELLS

(FADE IN. THE DOORS SWISH OPEN. CHIMBLY ENTERS. THE DOCTOR AND ACE ARE UNUSUALLY SERENE)

CHIMBLY:

So, Surgeon? Is it done? You've completed the implantations?

KATRICE:

I have.

CHIMBLY:

You two are sorted then, are you? Not going to cause trouble?

DOCTOR:

Trouble? Why would we cause trouble?

ACE:

Yeah, that doesn't sound like the sort of thing we'd do. We'd much rather help out if we could.

CHIMBLY:

And you shall. Good. Good! Fine work, Surgeon Katrice. Oh, I've waited for this. The Doctor and his companion. Mine to command.

ACE:

So command!

DOCTOR:

What shall we do?

CHIMBLY:

Hmm. Well, we need a hand in admin, the filing system's getting out of control.

ACE:

Oh, I could do that. I'm great with filing.

CHIMBLY:

Alright. And as for the Doctor... I suppose with your know-how, you could probably help out Katrice here, get through implanting the rest of the population.

DOCTOR:

My pleasure.

CHIMBLY:

Good. Then we're sorted.

DOCTOR:

Off to work we go.

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Who would you rather follow? If you're interested in Ace's Adventures in Admin, go to track 15 and join her in the office. But if you'd rather watch the Doctor's surgical procedures, go to track 16.

TRACK 15

SCENE 21. AIRSHIP ADMIN

(ACE FILING MERRILY)

ACE:

Population census goes where, purple girl...?

CLERK:

Over there.

(ACE OPENS A DRAWER, POPS IN A FILE, SLAMS IT)

ACE:

Last year's accounts...

(OPENS A DRAWER AND POPS IN THE FILE, CLOSSES IT. TANNOY SIGNAL)

CHIMBLY:

(TANNOY DISTORT) Subjects. This is your master, Chimbly. It has come to my attention that some of you have attempted an insurrection. This will not be taken lightly. We will hit all rebels hard. And when I say hit, I mean kill. We'll kill them.. hard. Further attacks will be met with lethal force, zero tolerance and immediate use of [the -]

KEITH:

(TANNOY DISTORT, OFF) Have you told them about the death ray?

CHIMBLY:

(DISTORT, FURIOUS) I'm doing it, woman! I was literally saying those exact words!

KEITH:

(DISTORT) You should tell them about the death ray.

CHIMBLY:

(DISTORT) Do you listen to a single - Is that still on? Oh, swill...

(OVERTANNOY, MUCH SCRABBLING FOR CONTROLS. TANNOY CUTS OUT)

ACE:

(MUTTERED) Sounds like trouble in paradise...

CLERK:

Have you seen the Torture-Chambers-brackets-'safety regulations'-brackets-'breaches of'-'close brackets'-'close brackets' folder?

ACE:
Err...

(OUTSIDE, CHIMBLY STRIDES DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

CHIMBLY:
(OFF, MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) Can't take her anywhere. Go mad and shoot myself, that's what I'll do. See how she likes that...

ACE:
That's Chimby outside! - Where's he going?

CLERK:
We must not question.

ACE:
No, that's right, no questions, no...

CHIMBLY:
(OUTSIDE, DOWN THE CORRIDOR) You can let me in, you're not guarding the security suite from me...!

(DOWN THE CORRIDOR, A DOOR OPENS)

(SARCASM) Thank you! Idiot...

(HE STEPS THROUGH. THE DOOR CLOSES)

ACE:
Security suite? Must be that guarded room. Could be worth investigating- No. No questions, no rebellion, no. - But still... security suite...

CHIMBLY:
(NARRATION) Sounds like she's in a quandary. If Ace distracts the Sentry and enters the security suite, go to track 17. If she continues to work, go to track 18.

TRACK 16

SCENE 22. INT. AIRSHIP SURGERY

(THE DOCTOR AND KATRICE WORK ON A PATIENT)

KATRICE:

Laser scalpel...

DOCTOR:

(PASSING ONE) Laser scalpel.

(KATRICE WORKS)

KATRICE:

Brain socket.

DOCTOR:

(PASSING ONE) Brain socket.

(THEY WORK MORE. TANNOY BING-BONG)

CHIMBLY:

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(FROM THE TANNOY, THE SOUND OF SCRABBLING FOR CONTROLS. THE TANNOY CUTS OUT)

DOCTOR:

(MUTTERED) Sounds like trouble in paradise..

KATRICE:

And done. I'll put her in the recovery room..

(SHE WHEELS A TROLLEY OFF)

DOCTOR:

So tell me, Katrice, when the Porcians invaded...

(PAUSE)

KATRICE:

(CALLING BACK) Yes?

DOCTOR:

When the Porcians invaded...

(PAUSE. KATRICE RETURNS)

KATRICE:

Is something the matter?

DOCTOR:

Odd. I can only assume it's the implants. I want to ask you a question, but I can't quite bring myself to do it.

KATRICE:

Try.

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) If you struggle through the mental blocks and ask, go to track 19. But if it's too much like hard work, go to track 20.

TRACK 17

SCENE 23. INT. SECURE ROOM

(ATMOS AS SCENE 12. CHIMBLY IS TALKING WITH THE RESURRECTIONIST AS THE DOOR OPENS AND ACE ENTERS QUIETLY)

ACE:

(SOTTO) Blimey, what's that... *thing?*

RESURRECTIONIST:

Please, Lord Chimbly. Let me go free!

CHIMBLY:

No. I've told you. You stay here. So things turn out right.

RESURRECTIONIST:

But please -

CHIMBLY:

Even with sugar on top, no!

ACE:

(SOTTO) The Doctor's gotta know about this.

(SHE TURNS TO GO, BUT KEITH BURSTS IN)

KEITH:

And another thing, don't think you can use that creature to -
What are you doing here?

CHIMBLY:

The Doctor's girl!

ACE:

Er - I wanted to show you this file...

CHIMBLY:

Oh, give over. (TO THE RESURRECTIONIST) No autonomy whatsoever,
that was the deal!

ACE:

Alright, poriky, calm down!

RESURRECTIONIST:

I am sorry.

ACE:

See, she's sorry.

CHIMBLY:

Not as sorry as you're going to be.

(HE SHOOTS ACE)

ACE:

Urgh!

(SHE DROPS TO THE GROUND. THE LINES AND BACKGROUND NOISES FADE OUT AS SHE DIES)

KEITH:

She's dead?

CHIMBLY:

Not yet. (SIGHS. STARTS HEADING OUT. RESIGNED) Come on then, let's go kill the Doctor... You can do it if you want.

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Yep, you're dead. If you'd done track 18 you'd still be with us. But you didn't. You know the drill. Press stop. Track 1. Start again. Go!

TRACK 18

SCENE 24. AIRSHIP ADMIN

(ACE SLAMS A FILING CABINET DRAWER BACK TRIUMPHANTLY)

ACE:

All done. I am quite literally Ace at admin.

CLERK:

Good work.

ACE:

Wasn't it, though? (BEAT) Hmmmm... Wonder what the Doctor's up to?

(SHE HEADS OUT OF THE ROOM)

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) You go to meet up with the Doctor. Go to track 21.

TRACK 19

SCENE 25. INT. AIRSHIP SURGERY (CONTINUED FROM SCENE 22)

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLES TO SPEAK INITIALLY, THEN FLUID) Tell... me... Surgeon Katrice. When... the Porcians... invaded... how did they manage to succeed?

KATRICE:

I don't know. They just... out-thought us. We kept making silly mistakes.

DOCTOR:

That's usually their job...

KATRICE:

It was like we had no choice but to make them. No-one could ever get close to them, they were always killed! It was like the Porcians knew what was coming!

DOCTOR:

I see, I - (STOPS HIMSELF) Have you told me that before?

KATRICE:

No.

DOCTOR:

I could have sworn...

KATRICE:

The subject's never come up.

DOCTOR:

Really? That's strange. Unless -

(KEITH BURSTS IN)

Keith!

KEITH:

Yes, it is I! Keith! Suddenly you know too much!

(SHE SHOOTS THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

Urgh! (HE FALLS DOWN DEAD)

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Yeah, sorry about that. If you'd done track 20 you'd still be with us. But you didn't. So: Blah-blah-blah, dead, blah-blah-blah, back to track 1.

TRACK 20

SCENE 25. INT. AIRSHIP SURGERY (CONTINUED FROM SCENE 22)

DOCTOR:

(STRAINS A SECOND, THEN SIGHS) No, it's no use. I can't get through the mental block.

KATRICE:

Oh, well. (SHE HEADS OFF) I'm sure it wasn't anything important.

(SHE EXITS)

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Probably not. Although I can't help but feel I'm missing something..

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) You're not. Go to track 21.

TRACK 21

SCENE 26. INT. AIRSHIP SURGERY

(THE DOORS OPEN. ACE ENTERS)

DOCTOR:

Ah, Ace, hello. Welcome to my surgery.

ACE:

(UNNERVED) Yes... lovely...

DOCTOR:

Is something the matter?

(PAUSE)

ACE:

I don't know. Part of me thinks everything's fine, that I've just done a great job of the filing, but...

DOCTOR:

But there's a nagging feeling something's awry under the surface?

ACE:

You too? Yeah. It's like... I'm sure something bad happened back there, but I don't remember it.

DOCTOR:

I know what you mean. Something's very wrong here, Ace.

ACE:

It might have been to do with that room down the corridor. The security suite. You remember, the one with the guard?

DOCTOR:

Yes, the security suite, that was odd, wasn't it? Certainly suspicious. We've not been in there. Perhaps we should rectify that omission now?

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) No. No, you shouldn't. Stay in the surgery and go to track 22.

TRACK 22

SCENE 27. INT. AIRSHIP SURGERY (CONTINUING FROM SCENE 26)

(SILENCE)

DOCTOR:

No, I really think we should check out the security suite.

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION, ANGRY) No, you really shouldn't. It's not a problem. Go to track 23.

TRACK 23

SCENE 28. INT. AIRSHIP SURGERY (CONTINUING FROM SCENE 27)

DOCTOR:

Why on Earth are we not just going to the security suite?

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) Forget it, it's not an option. You decide you want to have a hot drink. If you'd like a cup of tea, go [to -]

DOCTOR:

Right. Come on Ace.

(THEY RUN FROM THE ROOM)

CHIMBLY:

(NARRATION) What? No, just - Oh, alright. We can always change things later... Go to track 24 and enter the security suite..

TRACK 24

SCENE 29. INT. SECURITY SUITE

(AMBIENCE AS BEFORE. THE DOCTOR AND ACE ENTER)

DOCTOR:

Ah. Here we are.

ACE:

Blimey.

DOCTOR:

Well. That explains everything.

ACE:

It does?

RESURRECTIONIST:

Help me...

DOCTOR:

That's a Resurrectionist, Ace. An extra-dimensional being. They're almost extinct.

ACE:

Looks like it's wired into the mainframe.

DOCTOR:

It has psychic abilities. I imagine the Porcians have been amplifying its powers to control the populace. Some of its powers. It has another skill they'd find even more useful.

RESURRECTIONIST:

Help me...

ACE:

Don't worry, we'll get you out of here. Well, go on, it's other skill?

DOCTOR:

The clue's in the name. Resurrectionist. Very compassionate creatures. They can reverse time for the newly dead. Return them to life at an earlier part of their time stream. Then psychically steer them from the path that led to their death in the first place.

ACE:

So you can fix time the way you want?

DOCTOR:

Exactly. The only flaw is they absorb each death into themselves, they feel the pain. The more times they save a life, the greater the pain becomes. It's why they couldn't save their own species.

ACE:

That's awful.

DOCTOR:

Isn't it? But it gets worse. The Porcians must have been using this poor creature to kill and resurrect the inhabitants of this planet over and over again, until they got the world they desired. They've probably done it to us too. We wouldn't even know.

ACE:

They've been killing me? Just when I thought I couldn't hate them any more...

RESURRECTIONIST:

The pain is... unbearable...

ACE:

You'll be free soon, don't you worry about that.

(CHIMBLY AND KEITH RUN IN)

CHIMBLY:

(BREATHLESS) Oh no, she won't!

KEITH:

And you two don't get out of here neither!

DOCTOR:

Chimbley. Am I glad to see you. (BEAT) No. Seemingly I'm not.

KEITH:

I thought you said this room was secure?

CHIMBLY:

The guard needed a comfort break, how was I supposed to know?

KEITH:

Mother was right about you! I should have married Grunthar! He's got a penthouse. And a pool.

CHIMBLY:

Shut it!

DOCTOR:

Well, Chimbly. This explains everything. You found this poor creature and you've been using it to fix your mistakes. Torturing it into actualising your pathetic fantasies. Murdering the people of this planet endlessly until you get your own way.

CHIMBLY:

And bringing them back to life again, be fair.

ACE:

You're warped. Sick!

CHIMBLY:

And in charge!

DOCTOR:

Then you used it to prevent me from finding out and stopping you. Fortunately, it opted not to control my mind completely. I don't think it likes you very much.

CHIMBLY:

Well, woop-de-do. You've worked it out. Big deal. I just kill you, that thing takes time back, and you're my slave again. Night-night!

ACE:

Watch out, Doctor!

(HE BLASTS AT THE DOCTOR, WHO DARTS OUT OF THE WAY. THE COMPUTER NETWORK EXPLODES IN SPARKS BEHIND)

KEITH:

Of course he's going to dive out of the way, you numpty!

CHIMBLY:

Well, if you'd stop shouting in my ear for two seconds and let me concentrate -

RESURRECTIONIST:

My cage has gone! I'm free! FREE!

CHIMBLY:

What?

ACE:

She's fading away!

RESURRECTIONIST:

(FADING AWAY) Thank you, Doctor...

ACE:

Where did she go?

CHIMBLY:

No, no, no, um... let's go back and -

DOCTOR:

No, Chimbly, I'm afraid you can't rewrite time again. It's over.

CHIMBLY:

What did you do?

DOCTOR:

I knew you'd have to kill me. So I simply stood in front of the apparatus anchoring that creature in this world and dived out of the way when you fired. With its cage destroyed, the Resurrectionist was free to return to its own celestial plane.

ACE:

(REALISING) Breaking your hold over reality!

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid there's no more reset button.

CHIMBLY:

Oh, swill.

(THERE IS THE DISTANT NOISE OF A RIOT DOWN THE CORRIDOR.)

REVOLTING PROLES:

Where are they?/Kill the pigs!/Down with Chimbly! [ETC]

KEITH:

(TO CHIMBLY) I told you, didn't I? First time you killed him. Leave him dead, I said. He'll only be trouble if you bring him back, I said. But oh no, you knew so much better, didn't you? 'Just imagine. It'll be so much fun having the Doctor in our power!' Well, look at him now, you prawn, does he look like he's in our power?

CHIMBLY:

I can still kill him properly. I've still got the gun.

DOCTOR:

Are you sure that'd be wise? I don't think you've got the time. Listen.

(BEAT. THE RIOT IS GETTING CLOSER)

CHIMBLY:

What's that?

ACE:

At a guess, that's a psychically subdued slave-force who've just realised they're not psychically subdued any more.

(PAUSE)

CHIMBLY:

(TO KEITH) You know, Queen of my heart, I think this would be an opportune moment to beat a hasty retreat.

KEITH:

You took the words out of my mouth. Last one in the escape pod's a rotting corpse.

(SHE LEGS IT)

CHIMBLY:

Oi! You can't just run out on me! I - Alright, Doctor, I'll get you next time! Don't think I won't. You're a dead man. Keith! Keith! Wait for me!

(HE RUNS OUT)

ACE:

You're not going after them?

DOCTOR:

No, if the natives don't catch them, I think leaving them together is punishment enough. Back to the TARDIS?

ACE:

You'll let me fly it again? You sure about that?

DOCTOR:

Like I said, nobody gets it right first time out. I'm willing to give you another chance. - What do you say, Ace? Shall we start again?

(CLOSING THEME)



YOU ARE THE DOCTOR #2

COME DIE WITH ME

BY JAMIE ANDERSON

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY

Time traveller.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED

Time traveller's companion.

NORRIS:

(M, 50s) Erudite dinner host. Believes himself to be the greatest intellect in the universe.

BRYER:

(F, 40+) The housekeeper. Polite and warm.

MORECOMBE:

(M, 30s) Arrogant dinner guest.

ALSO: TORTURED MOANING SOULS.

DIRECTOR: KEN BENTLEY

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EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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PRE-TITLES:

SCENE 1: INT. TARDIS - CONSOLE ROOM

FX: ACE HESITANTLY TAPS COMMANDS INTO THE CONSOLE.

DOCTOR:

Ace, I thought you said you were sure?

ACE:

Just checking the co-ordinates... for luck.

DOCTOR:

(MOCKING) Luck?!

ACE:

I'm pretty sure I know what went wrong last time... (STOPS TAPPING) There.

DOCTOR:

So, where are we going?

ACE:

Hold your horses. I don't want to jinx it. - Here goes.

FX: ACTIVATES SHIP. TIME ROTOR JUDDERS. SOMETHING IS WRONG. TIMESCOOP EFFECT - REF. *FIVE DOCTORS & JUGGERNAUTS*.

DOCTOR:

Ace?! What have you done...?!

FX: BACK TO NORMAL.

ACE:

(CONFIDENCE RESTORED) It's fine. Just a little hiccup.

DOCTOR:

In all my centuries piloting the TARDIS, I don't think I've once managed to make her 'hiccup'!

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 2: INT. NORRIS' MANSION - DRAWING ROOM

FX: CLOCK CHIMES 8PM. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS.

ACE:

Oh, no...!

FX: THEY STEP OUT.

DOCTOR:

Not what you were expecting?

ACE:

Too bloomin' right it isn't! You know I don't get on with creepy old houses.

DOCTOR:

Old age isn't a bad thing, Ace!

FX: TARDIS DOOR CLOSED.

ACE:

It's still creepy. Just look at it! Rubbish old rugs, dusty old ornaments...

DOCTOR:

A typical nineteenth-century English drawing-room, in almost every respect.

ACE:

Almost...? (LOOKS ROUND; REALISATION) The light fittings!

DOCTOR:

Curious, aren't they?

ACE:

You'd have thought this place would have gas lamps, it's so ancient. These look well spacey.

DOCTOR:

Vintaric crystal lighting. Doors with an optolenoid locking system...

ACE:

All rather anachronistic and non-terrestrial?

DOCTOR:

Precisely.

ACE:

Now this place seems even more creepy.

MAN [DR BERRY]:
(DISTANT. THROUGH DOORS - A SCREAM)

ACE:
What did I tell you?

DOCTOR:
Quickly, Ace!

FX: THEY RUN. CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 3: INT. HALLWAY

FX: FADE IN - ACE AND DOCTOR RUN UP TO DOOR.

ACE:

It came from this end of the hallway, I'm sure of it! Got to be in here -

FX: TURNS DOOR KNOB. DOOR CREAKS. GENTLE HUM FROM A TECHNOLOGICAL ARTEFACT IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM BEYOND.

DOCTOR:

Careful, Ace.

ACE:

It's a library. Nobody inside, I don't think.

DOCTOR:

A very well-stocked library, by the look of it. (OBSERVES) With a very unusual centrepiece.

ACE:

(MOVING FORWARD) What, the space lectern?

DOCTOR:

That's no lectern. Ace, stop! Do not. Go into. The library.

ACE:

Why not?

DOCTOR:

Because if I didn't know better, I'd say that [was a]

ACE:

(INTERRUPTING) Doesn't matter - there's another door. At the far end of the hallway, see?

FX: FOLLOW ACE AS SHE RUSHES TO ANOTHER DOOR.

DOCTOR:

(BEHIND) Ace, wait...!

ACE:

(AT DOOR) Come on! Maybe they went through here!

FX: ACE TURNS DOOR KNOB. CREAKS OPEN, INTO:

SCENE 4: INT. THE PARLOUR [CONTINUOUS]

FX: ACE BARRELS THROUGH DOOR... TO STOP.

ACE:

Nope. No-one in the parlour, neither. This is turning into a proper mystery!

DOCTOR:

(FOLLOWING) I said to wait.

FX: CLOSSES DOOR BEHIND.

ACE:

Yeah, and what if whoever-that-was can't wait?

FX: FROM BEHIND FAR DOOR -

NORRIS & MORECOMBE:

(BEHIND DOOR: LAUGHING - AFTER-DINNER HAW-HAWING AT EACH OTHER)

ACE:

Oh great, now the spooky ethereal laughter.

DOCTOR:

(CROSSING TO FAR DOOR) Oh, I wouldn't say that was ethereal.
(CROSSING FLOOR) Whoever's in the next room, I'd say they were very much corporeal.

ACE:

(FOLLOWING) Real people? You're sure?

DOCTOR:

Ssh! I'm trying to listen...!

ACE:

Eavesdroppers never hear any good about themselves, that's what Mrs Parkinson used [to say.]

DOCTOR:

Ssh!

BRYER:

(OFF, BEHIND DOOR) Thank you, sir, will there be anything else?

NORRIS:

(OFF, BEHIND DOOR) Perhaps you could bring in our guests? They should have arrived by now.

MORECOMBE:

(OFF, BEHIND DOOR) I didn't hear the door.

NORRIS:

(OFF, BEHIND DOOR) Nonetheless – Mrs Bryer, perhaps you could check?

BRYER:

(OFF, BEHIND DOOR) Very good, Sir. (WALKS OFF)

ACE:

Well?

DOCTOR:

It seems that we're expected. Perhaps we should introduce ourselves?

ACE:

But what about that scream?

DOCTOR:

Go and look, if you must.

ACE:

Alright, I will! (TURNING BACK)

DOCTOR:

Just whatever you do: (FIRMLY) Do not. Go into. The library.

ACE:

(WHISPERING) Why not?

DOCTOR:

Because. – I'll see you shortly.

FX: OPENS DOOR.

ACE:

(HISSED) That's not a good enough reason! – Doctor!!!

CROSS TO:

SCENE 5: INT. DINING ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: DOCTOR CLOSES DOOR BEHIND HIM.

DOCTOR:

Good evening... gentlemen.

NORRIS:

Ah! My dear Doctor! So glad you could join us.

DOCTOR:

I didn't realise I was expected.

NORRIS:

But of course! You're my guest! Please. Be seated.

DOCTOR:

(MOVING AROUND TABLE) Thank you, Mister...?

NORRIS:

Forgive me. Where are my manners? I am your host for the evening – you may call me Mister Norris. And this is my other guest, Mister Morecombe.

MORECOMBE:

There were more of us, of course, but... (TRAILS OFF)

DOCTOR:

More of you...?

NORRIS:

You've just missed Doctor Berry – such a shame.

MORECOMBE:

And Ms... Thingy, earlier.

NORRIS:

Yes, the charming Ms Zingiber was with us earlier, too – but alas: she had to make an untimely exit, also.

DOCTOR:

I see. W[e] – (CORRECTS SELF) ... I thought I heard a scream, a moment or two ago. Is everything alright?

NORRIS:

Oh Doctor, there's no need to worry – it's just a game. And soon it will be your turn to play.

DOCTOR:

Excellent! I do love a game. (BEAT) What game, exactly?

NORRIS:

Doctor, you disappoint me.

MORECOMBE:

Not a good start. Isn't it obvious?

DOCTOR:

Hmmm... an old country house. A dinner. A scream. An ever-decreasing number of dinner guests... Ah-ha! A murder mystery!

NORRIS:

Precisely, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Marvellous! I look forward to seeing how it all unfolds. But I must warn you that games, and, well - winning them - is something I'm rather good at.

NORRIS:

Ah, then you're unaware of my reputation? (COLD) Nobody comes to my house and beats me, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Is that so?

NORRIS:

Would you care to explain, Mister Morecombe?

MORECOMBE:

(BROWN-NOSING) Mister Norris is, without a shadow of a doubt, the greatest intellect in the entire universe, Doctor.

NORRIS:

So you really don't have a hope of winning, I'm afraid.

DOCTOR:

I see. May I ask, what are the stakes in this 'game', exactly?

NORRIS:

Very high, Doctor. Very high indeed.

SCENE 6: INT. HALLWAY

FX: ACE PADS BACK TO LIBRARY DOOR.

ACE:

(TO SELF, IMPERSONATING DOCTOR) "Do not. Go into. The library."
- Still: a peek through the doorway's not "into", right?

FX: SHE OPENS IT; WHEREUPON A DISTORTED GHOULISH MOAN ESCAPES THE ROOM. SHE CLOSES IT QUICKLY.

ACE:

(EXHALING) OK, sinister moaning from nowhere. - Really hate these spooky old places.

BRYER:

(BEHIND HER; CLEARS HER THROAT)

ACE:

ARGH! - Who are you?

BRYER:

(WALKING FORWARD) The library is out of bounds, my dear, unless you have express permission.

ACE:

I should have known: scary old house, scary old housekeeper.

BRYER:

I'm Mrs Bryer. You must be the Doctor's... 'companion'?

ACE:

Ace. (GOING BACK TO PARLOUR DOOR) Well, if the Doctor's introduced himself -

BRYER:

Not the dining-room, my dear. The men are talking.

ACE:

Big deal.

BRYER:

Whereas you and I have far more important matters to discuss.

ACE:

Like what?

BRYER:

Come with me, to the kitchen. Please, come along. Housekeeper I may be, but I'm not as old and scary as you seem to think.

FX: THEY LEAVE.

SCENE 7: INT. DINING ROOM

FX: WINE BEING POURED.

DOCTOR:

So, Mr Norris – how did you contrive to summon me here?

NORRIS:

Now, now Doctor – that would be telling. But I'm afraid I had no choice. You hadn't replied to my invitation.

DOCTOR:

Lost in the post? Still, perhaps I can take a wild guess:

NORRIS:

Oh, I doubt it'll be a guess, Doctor. I'm well aware that you are highly intelligent.

DOCTOR:

Interception by Timescoop!

NORRIS:

Bravo, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

I recognised the effects. The ideal means for scooping up unsuspecting dinner guests, I suppose.

NORRIS:

(SIPS DRINK) Indeed it is, although the majority of my guests come of their own volition, in the hope of winning the game.

MORECOMBE:

Me, for example!

DOCTOR:

Is that right? Why exactly did you come here, Mr Morecombe?

MORECOMBE:

My employer sent me, Doctor. The company I work for has been keeping an eye on Mr Norris for some time now. They wish me to win the game on their behalf.

DOCTOR:

But what for? What's the prize?!

NORRIS:

My library, of course. My collection.

SCENE 8: INT. THE KITCHEN

FADE IN.

FX: TEA POURED.

ACE:

A game?! Sounds more like kidnapping to me!

BRYER:

My dear, I don't think you realise how high the stakes are in Mister Norris's game. - Tea?

ACE:

No, thank you.

BRYER:

Mister Norris has found that men, and women, are willing to risk everything for the prize - whether they came here willingly, or by... alternative means.

ACE:

Yeah, well, the Doctor's not so stupid he'll walk right into the lion's mouth. Probably.

BRYER:

Don't be so sure. My husband and I were his guests many years ago. But Daniel lost the game, so I lost Daniel.

ACE:

Lost him? How?

BRYER:

After that, I refused to play. For some reason, Norris took pity on me. Although I suspect he took some pleasure in seeing me suffer. So he let me stay on as the housekeeper.

ACE:

But why don't you just leave? Surely you could run away, tell the authorities about what this Norris is up to?

BRYER:

Alas, not. There is no way off this planetoid, except for the Timescoop.

ACE:

Timescoop? - Norris' "alternative means", you mean?

BRYER:

Yes. He keeps it in the conservatory. But I'm afraid I haven't the faintest idea how to use it. Plus... I still live in hope.

ACE:

Hope?! What are you hoping for?

BRYER:

I don't know if it's the truth, or if Norris is just taunting me, but he's hinted – every now and again – that Daniel could somehow be brought back if Norris desired it.

ACE:

And you can't throw away that chance, I get it.

BRYER:

That's the hope that I cling too. I must.

ACE:

How long has Norris been playing this game?

BRYER:

Well, I've been here for a little over three years. We have twelve guests every weekend, so...

ACE:

What?! That's insane!

BRYER:

In fact, I'll tell you how many it is. We had a guest earlier this evening who was quite the human calculator – Ms Zingiber, a lovely girl! Anyway, she worked out that one thousand eight hundred and sixty eight lives have been lost here. Some of the greatest minds from across all time and space...

ACE:

And Norris added her to the tally?

BRYER:

No, actually. Ms Zingiber was our first ever escapee.

ACE:

So you can escape from here!

BRYER:

Only if you know how to operate the Timescoop. She watched Mr Norris do it. She must have memorised the commands, and then somehow reversed it all to make her escape. You would have liked her, my dear. In fact, you remind me of her, a little.

SCENE 9: INT. DINING ROOM

NORRIS:

The situation is quite straightforward. I have brought together a marvellous variety of dinner guests, only there's a problem:

DOCTOR:

Let me guess: someone keeps killing them?

NORRIS:

Indeed, there is a murderer at large in this house. Each of my guests is given one chance to identify that murderer. When their turn comes, they will have five minutes to enter their answer into the library's computer.

DOCTOR:

And if they're wrong... the murderer comes for them.

FX: CLOCK CHIMES ONCE.

NORRIS:

Goodness me, half-past eight already. Mister Morecombe, it's your turn.

MORECOMBE:

My turn. Right.

DOCTOR:

Tell me, Mister Morecombe – what's so extraordinary about Mister Norris's collection, that you'd play for such high stakes?

MORECOMBE:

Well, that's obvious –

NORRIS:

Now, Doctor. You mustn't go putting Mister Morecombe off.

MORECOMBE:

No, no. It's just...

NORRIS:

What's the matter, Morecombe? Earlier, you seemed so confident that you'd cracked it. Before the Doctor arrived.

MORECOMBE:

I am, yes. Quite confident! (HE'S NOT)

NORRIS:

You wouldn't want to miss your turn, Mister Morecombe. If you did, and the Doctor won – why, your employers would be terribly upset.

DOCTOR:

I'm not playing, Norris.

NORRIS:

(REPROACHFULLY) Doctor. You're playing now, I think.

DOCTOR:

Don't listen to him, Mister Morecombe!

MORECOMBE:

It's my turn. I must play!

FX: MORECOMBE PUSHES HIS CHAIR BACK FROM THE TABLE AND STANDS.

DOCTOR:

Are you sure? Are you absolutely certain that you've solved the mystery?

NORRIS:

No conferring! - Please.

MORECOMBE:

Don't worry, Mister Norris. I know the rules. Doctor - I'm so certain, I'd... I'd stake my life on it!

FX: MORECOMBE MARCHES TOWARDS DOOR.

DOCTOR:

You don't have to go, Mister Morecombe! In fact, I'd strongly advise against it!

MORECOMBE:

(OPENING DOOR) And let you take the prize? Do you take me for a fool?

FX: MORECOMBE EXITS, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

NORRIS:

(CALLING AFTER) Goodbye, Mister Morecombe!

DOCTOR:

I get the feeling, Mister Norris, that there might be a slightly biased element to your 'game'.

NORRIS:

Doctor, are you suggesting the game is rigged?

DOCTOR:

Not necessarily, but I'm not sure that you're giving your guests a fair chance.

NORRIS:

You'll get your turn soon enough. If I were you, Doctor, I'd begin to consider the problem of the murderer's identity.

DOCTOR:

Well, the choices seem rather limited. Who lives in this house?

NORRIS:

I live here with my housekeeper, Mrs Bryer. That is all.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I'm sure the chances of winning this game are rather less than fifty-fifty.

SCENE 10: INT. LIBRARY

FX: DOOR KNOB TURNS. CREAKS. MORECOMBE ENTERS. LIBRARY DOOR SLAMS AND BOLT AUTOMATICALLY BEHIND HIM.

MORECOMBE:

(STARTLED) Ah! - Of course. Locked in. Pull yourself together, Morecombe.

FX: PULSING 'COUNTDOWN' BEAT STARTS UP, TICKING DOWN SECONDS.

(STARTLED AGAIN) What's that? - A countdown? (CALLING) Is that your idea, Mister Norris? Counting down five minutes, to add to the peril? (TO SELF) Of course it is.

FX: WALKS OVER TO HUMMING MEMORIALISER MACHINE.

Come on. You know the answer. Only one possible answer. Just type it into the terminal. (SCOFFING) Five minutes. (CALLING) Five minutes?! As if I'd need five minutes!

FX: CRACKS KNUCKLES.

This is it. And the winning answer, for the prize, the promotion and the raise, is...

FX: TYPES TWO THEN SIX LETTERS ON KEYBOARD.

And - enter.

FX: TRIUMPHANTLY HITS ENTER.

(BEAT)

FX: NEGATIVE COMPUTER SOUND. FROM ALL AROUND:

TORTURED SOULS:

(GHOULISH GROANS - BUILDING THROUGH:)

MORECOMBE:

Wrong?! How is that possible?!

FX: FRANTICALLY TYPES KEYS. SOUNDS INCREASE.

No! Please no!

FX: BUILDS.

TORTURED SOULS:

(MOANS AND GROANS)

SCENE 11: INT. KITCHEN

MORECOMBE:

(DISTANT SCREAMS ECHO INTO KITCHEN. DIE OFF QUICKLY THROUGH:)

ACE:

What was that?! Another murder?

BRYER:

Yes, I'm afraid so. Poor Mister Morecombe.

ACE:

That was from the library. No question! Well, I've had enough of doing nothing.

FX: ACE PUSHES CHAIR BACK. BRYER DOES LIKEWISE.

BRYER:

Please, Ace. You can't go in the library.

ACE:

"Do not. Go into. The library." Creepy old woman, just get out of my way!

BRYER:

It's for your own good.

ACE:

Something's not right about all this. There's something you're not telling me!

BRYER:

I've told you - (HESITANT) I've told you as much as I dare.

ACE:

Then I'll have to find out for myself. (EFFORT AS SHE SHOVES BRYER ASIDE)

BRYER:

(SHOVED) Ahh!

FX: AS ACE RUSHES OUT:

BRYER:

Wait! Please...!

FX: SHE FOLLOWS.

SCENE 12: INT. DINING ROOM

FX: DOCTOR PACES AROUND THE ROOM.

DOCTOR:

You knew Morecombe would get it wrong – didn't you, Norris?

NORRIS:

I've seen hundreds come and go from this dining table, Doctor. Most of them think they've solved the mystery – by deduction, by instinct, perhaps by an overwhelming belief in their own good fortune. But no-one ever has.

DOCTOR:

Like lambs to the slaughter.

NORRIS:

I see you, Doctor. Thinking. Calculating. Cogitating. Trying to work it out. Not long now, Doctor..

DOCTOR:

I told you: I'm not playing.

NORRIS:

Oh, Doctor. (HEAVY HINT) I can read you like a book.

DOCTOR:

Or you're hoping you'll be able to, perhaps...?

NORRIS:

Very good, Doctor! You have been paying attention!

DOCTOR:

I'm right, then. Just one question though, Norris: what's to stop me leaving in my TARDIS right now?

SCENE 13: INT. HALLWAY/LIBRARY

FX: ACE RUNS TO HALT.

ACE:

Here goes nothing -

FX: TURNS DOOR KNOB. CREAK AS BEFORE.

BRYER:

(OFF, RUNNING UP) Ace! Please, you mustn't-!

ACE:

Not interested!

FX: SHE ENTERS LIBRARY. TECHNOLOGICAL HUM.

ACE:

OK, space lectern. What is it with that...?

FX: SUDDENLY, DOOR CREAKS, SLAMS SHUT. DOOR BOLTS, AS BEFORE.

ACE:

What the...?!

BRYER:

(BEHIND DOOR, IN HALLWAY) Oh, Ace! I told you not to go into the library!

FX: ACE TRIES KNOB. IT WON'T BUDGE.

ACE:

Door knob won't budge. - Have you locked me in here?!

BRYER:

(BEHIND DOOR) The room seals up automatically!

ACE:

Now you tell me!

FX: PULSING 'COUNTDOWN' BEAT STARTS UP, TICKING DOWN SECONDS.

ACE:

Hold on - what's that noise...?

BRYER:

(BEHIND DOOR; PANICKING) Stay calm, Ace!

ACE:

I am calm! (SUSPICION) Why aren't you...?

FX: CROSS BACK TO HALLWAY.

ACE:

(BEHIND DOOR, IN LIBRARY) I said, why aren't you calm?!

FX: IN B/G, NORRIS AND DOCTOR RUSHING UP.

BRYER:

Try not to panic. I'll fetch Mister Norris!

ACE:

Never mind him, fetch the Doctor...!

DOCTOR:

(ARRIVING) I'm already here.

ACE:

(BEHIND DOOR) Doctor? Is that you? Doctor, I'm locked in!

NORRIS:

Dear me, Doctor. So you weren't unaccompanied. I warned Mrs Bryer you might not be.

DOCTOR:

Oh, the housekeeper. (TO BRYER) Hello.

FX: ACE BANGING ON DOOR.

ACE:

Stop chit-chatting and let me out of here!!!

NORRIS:

Alas, it seems your young companion is going to have to play the game, too.

DOCTOR:

Let her out of there! Now!

NORRIS:

I can't do that, Doctor. The whole process is automated from this point. I can no more let her out than I can let you in. (FAUX SINCERITY) There's really nothing I can do.

ACE:

(BEHIND DOOR) Doctor, there's this noise. I think it's a countdown!

NORRIS:

Well, yes. It all adds to the peril.

DOCTOR:

Ace! Look on the memorialiser panel!

ACE:

(BEHIND DOOR) On the what?!

DOCTOR:

On the 'space lectern'! There should be a display!

ACE:

(BEHIND DOOR) Hang about. (GOES OFF)

BEAT.

DOCTOR:

Ace? What does it say?

ACE:

(BEHIND DOOR; RETURNING) Three point four two, three point four one... it's minutes, isn't it?

NORRIS:

Oh, yes.

ACE:

(BEHIND DOOR) Minutes 'til what? Doctor!!!

FX: DOCTOR CLICKS FINGERS. HE'S GOT AN IDEA.

DOCTOR:

Timescoop. (BEAT) Mrs Bryer! Where's the timescoop?

BRYER:

[It's-]

NORRIS:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY) Don't tell him!

ACE:

(BEHIND DOOR) Oh, oh! She said! The conservatory!

NORRIS:

(REPROACHFULLY) Mrs Bryer...!

BRYER:

I'm sorry, Mister Norris...

DOCTOR:

Beside the drawing-room we landed in, I suppose?

BRYER:

Err...

DOCTOR:

Your hesitation speaks volumes. Thank you, Mrs Bryer! Hold on, Ace!!

FX: DOCTOR RUNS OFF. ACE BANGS ON DOOR AGAIN.

ACE:

(BEHIND DOOR) Doctor, wait! Minutes 'til what? You didn't say! Minutes 'til what?!

SCENE 14: INT. CONSERVATORY

FX: COLD ATMOS — GLASS CEILING, TILED FLOOR. TIME SCOOP IS IDLE BUT MAKES SOUNDS. DOCTOR HARES INSIDE, BRUSHING PAST FOLIAGE.

DOCTOR:

There you are! Norris' Timescoop. Quite a smart model too!
(STOPS) Now, let's see if I can remember how to do this. It should be like falling off a bike..

FX: TAPS BUTTONS FRANTICALLY.

DOCTOR:

Adjust the chronophore trim here.. reverse the polarity of the
whatsit here..

FX: FINAL KEY TAP. POWER UP. TIMESCOOPED OUT, EFFECT AS BEFORE:

SCENE 15: INT. LIBRARY

FX: COUNTDOWN ONGOING. ACE MAKES A LAST BANG ON THE DOOR.

ACE:

Doctor...!!! (LOSING HOPE) Oh, what's keeping you...?

FX: TIMESCOOP. DOCTOR MATERIALISES.

DOCTOR:

And as if by magic...

ACE:

Doctor! (BEAT) Naah, that wasn't magic - was it?

DOCTOR:

Close-proximity spatial displacement, courtesy of Norris' timescoop.

ACE:

Ace! (BEAT) But couldn't you have just scooped me out of here?

DOCTOR:

That would have been too easy. (CROSSING TO MEMORIALISER) We've got to shut this machine down!

ACE:

What did you say it was? A 'memorialiser'?

DOCTOR:

An Aeorian Memorialiser [PRONOUNCIATION: 'A-YOUR-IAN']. A machine designed to consume the consciousnesses of the deceased, preserving their knowledge for all eternity.

ACE:

That doesn't sound so terrible.

DOCTOR:

It condenses the dear departed in the process, transforming their carbonised remains into a physical record.

ACE:

Like the book on the lectern, you mean? (READING TITLE)
"Morecombe Unwise: A Short Life." Who's Morecombe Unwise?

DOCTOR:

Just another volume to add to Mister Norris's library. You see: the Memorialiser was never designed to be used on human subjects.

FX: COUNTDOWN STEPS UP A PITCH.

ACE:

Err, Doctor - we're down to two minutes. Hadn't you better turn that thing off, before we get paperbacked?

DOCTOR:

Absolutely. The question is: who's the murderer?

ACE:

You don't actually know how to turn it off, do you?

DOCTOR:

Of course I do! Input the name of the killer, and the condensing program will be aborted.

ACE:

I knew it! You're playing Norris's game!

SCENE 16: INT. DINING ROOM

BRYER:

Edwin, I...

NORRIS:

Too familiar, Mrs Bryer! (BEAT) You really are trying to incur my displeasure this evening, aren't you? What was your intention? To persuade the Doctor's companion to operate the Timescoop for you? Ha!

BRYER:

I'm so sorry, Mr Norris. I didn't [mean to]...

NORRIS:

(INTERRUPTING)

No matter. Despite your... error of judgement, it's all gone rather swimmingly. Now clear away the glasses.

BRYER:

Yes, Sir.

FX: BRYER BEGINS CLEARING THE TABLE.

SCENE 17: INT. LIBRARY

FX: 'COUNTDOWN' ONGOING.

DOCTOR:

(BECOMING SLIGHTLY DESPERATE) Come on, Ace! Think! What are the typical murder mystery solutions?

ACE:

Errr... Norris has a twin?

DOCTOR:

No, it's just him and Bryer in the house.

ACE:

They both did it?

DOCTOR:

Norris and Bryer together? No – each was with us while poor Mr Morecombe made his unwise decision.

ACE:

Hang on. Maybe they all did it?

DOCTOR:

Elaborate, Ace.

ACE:

Well, if this memorial-whatsit extracts people's knowledge, or whatever...

DOCTOR:

Yesss...?

ACE:

What happens to their tortured, angry souls?

DOCTOR:

Ace, that's hardly scientific!

ACE:

Thing is, when I peeked inside here earlier, I could have sworn I heard a sort of anguished groaning..

FX: IN THE AIR, AS BEFORE:

TORTURED SOULS:

(AGONISED MOANING)

ACE:

Yeah, like that!

TORTURED SOULS:

(ANOTHER MOAN, AND ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER – CONTINUING TO COAGULATE AROUND THE DOCTOR AND ACE THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:

Excess psycho-electrical energies, of course! The machine extracts knowledge and experience, but what about everything else?

ACE:

Yeah, their souls!

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) Their souls are still inside the machine! The machine that's doing the killing!

ACE:

So the guests Norris has knocked off are the murderers...

DOCTOR:

And the murder weapon too!

FX: COUNTDOWN CHIRP BECOMES MORE INSISTENT.

ACE:

Right, then – how do we put that answer into the computer? We can't put all the names in – there must be hundreds of books. And we've got less than a minute! (BEAT) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Got it! We copy the full memorialiser log into the terminal.

ACE:

Do it, then!

FX: TYPING. COPYING.

DOCTOR:

Done. Ready to confirm?

ACE:

Wait! Is Morecombe on that list?

DOCTOR:

(CHECKING) Errr – yes. Why?

ACE:

Well, he hasn't done anyone in yet. Has he?

DOCTOR:

Good thinking, Ace. Deleting Morecombe's record, now...

FX: KEY STROKES. DELETED. POWERING UP ACCELERATES AS...

TORTURED SOULS:

(GROANS BECOME ALMOST UNBEARABLE, SCREAMING TO A CRESCENDO)

DOCTOR:

This is it! - Ready?

ACE:

Just promise me, if we're wrong: I won't come back as something trashy, with metallic foil on the front?

CROSS TO:

SCENE 18: INT. DINING ROOM

FX: THE POWERING-UP CRESCENDO VIBRATES THROUGH THE ROOM, FROM OFF. THEN SUDDENLY CUTS OFF.

NORRIS:

(SIGHING, SATISFIED) The end of another successful evening.

FX: POURS WINE. DRINKS.

BEAT.

FX: DOOR CREAKS. THE DOCTOR AND ACE STEP IN.

DOCTOR:

Ah, Mister Norris! There you are.

NORRIS:

(SPLUTTERS ON MINE) What?! But [how]

ACE:

Turns out you're not as smart as you think, mate.

NORRIS:

(CALLING) Mrs Bryer! Fetch my pistols!!!

DOCTOR:

An interesting twist on the traditional murder mystery evening – making your murderees your murderers.

ACE:

'Twisted' is right!

NORRIS:

Thank you for your fascinating analysis, young lady.

ACE:

Spare us the sarcasm, mate. We won your stupid game. Now we get to claim the prize – isn't that right, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Only we don't want it.

ACE:

We don't?

DOCTOR:

We have a not inconsiderable library of our own, in the TARDIS. The last thing we need is more books.

ACE:

Fair point. – So what do we want?

BRYER:

(ARRIVING) You called, Sir?

NORRIS:

Ah, the pistols. Good. Escort the Doctor and Ace back to the library, would you?

ACE:

Yeah, she's not gonna help you. She hates you just as much as everyone else here does.

NORRIS:

Ah, but I can bring Daniel back.

DOCTOR:

Daniel?

ACE:

Her husband. - Think about it, Mrs Bryer. He's just stringing you along. He can no more bring Daniel back than I can grow wings. He doesn't know how.

NORRIS:

Perfectly correct, my dear.

BRYER:

What?

NORRIS:

I don't know how to bring Daniel back. I don't know how to bring any of them back. All I ever wanted was to collect the greatest intellects in the galaxy.

DOCTOR:

But why, Norris? What was it for???

NORRIS:

(LOSING THE PLOT) So I'd be the smartest, of course!

ACE:

All this was to eliminate the competition?

DOCTOR:

So it would seem.

ACE:

He's a complete nutjob!

DOCTOR:

Again...

NORRIS:

You're going in my library, both of you. Mrs Bryer, lead them in!

BRYER:

But - you can't bring Daniel back...!

NORRIS:

I can't, you stupid woman! But the Doctor can!

ACE:

Eh?

NORRIS:

He thinks he knows everything! Of course he knows how to bring Daniel back! So put that knowledge in my library!

ACE:

The Doctor can't bring the dead back to life!

DOCTOR:

Well...

NORRIS:

See?! See?!?

DOCTOR:

I could leach the excess electrical energies from the machine, yes. But I'm not going to.

BRYER:

Why not?

DOCTOR:

Because the dead should stay dead, Mrs Bryer. I'm sorry.

ACE:

In an ideal world, yeah, but under the circumstances...

NORRIS:

Take them through, Mrs Bryer!

BRYER:

Doctor, Ace - move!!!

FX: ALL EXIT INTO:

SCENE 19. INT. LIBRARY

FX: DOOR KNOB TURNED.

NORRIS:

In you go. Doctor. "Ace".

ACE:

Mrs Bryer, think about this!

BRYER:

If the Doctor won't bring Daniel back, then I've no choice.

DOCTOR:

Do as he says, Ace.

NORRIS:

Excellent!

BRYER:

You too, Norris.

NORRIS:

What?!

BRYER:

(SHOVING HIM) I said, you too!

NORRIS:

(SHOVED INTO LIBRARY) Oof!

FX: DOORS BOLT AS BEFORE. NORRIS BEATS ON DOOR.

NORRIS:

Mrs Bryer. Mrs Bryer!!!

FX: COUNTDOWN NOISE STARTS UP AGAIN. MOANING SOULS GATHERING.

ACE:

Here we are again. Back in the frying pan. Least we know what to do.

DOCTOR:

I won, Ace. But I refused to take possession of the machine, when it was offered.

NORRIS:

So it's still mine to control!

DOCTOR:

No, now it's possessed itself.

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:

Now we shall possess you...!

ACE:

Uh-oh...

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:

With the Doctor's knowledge, we shall be complete! The greatest library in the galaxy!

ACE:

Is it just me, or is everyone here completely insane?

DOCTOR:

It's the machine that made them mad. That's why I can't bring anyone back.

NORRIS:

Doctor, I beg you - do something! There's still three minutes and forty-eight seconds on the clock!

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:

The countdown was only ever for effect. Now we will take our revenge - on you, Mister Norris!

NORRIS:

What? No - no!!! (SCREAMS AS...)

FX: VAPOURISATION/CONDENSATION EFFECT KICKS IN. THEN CUTS OFF SUDDENLY.

ACE:

He's vanished!

FX: THUMP AS A BOOK MATERIALISES ON THE LECTERN.

DOCTOR:

Condensed. (FX: FLICKS PAGES) Brought to book, you might say. What a disappointingly slim volume.

FX: THE MOANS GATHER AGAIN.

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:

Now, Doctor. Now we shall absorb you...!

DOCTOR:

Yes, but why?

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:

Just... because.

DOCTOR:

That's not a good enough reason!

ACE:

I told you. - Doctor, think of something!

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid our fate is no longer in our own hands. The machine will have to power itself down from the inside. (CALLING) Mister Norris! Are you still in there?!

NORRIS:

(GHOSTLY) Doctor? Doctor!!!

DOCTOR:

You can still do it. Delete the full memorialiser log!

NORRIS:

(GHOSTLY) Why should I?

ACE:

Because otherwise, they'll have outsmarted you! All of them!

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:

(CREEPY ETHEREAL LAUGHTER)

DOCTOR:

Hear that, Norris? They're laughing at you!

NORRIS:

(GHOSTLY) Laughing? At me? Well, I'll show them...!

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:

Norris, no!

NORRIS:

(GHOSTLY) Copy, paste - and enter!

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:

Noooo-

FX: SUDDENLY, MACHINE POWERS DOWN. ALL GHOSTLY MOANS CUT. DOOR BOLTS UNLOCK.

ACE:

Is that it?

DOCTOR:

The ghosts have been exorcised from the machine. It's over.

FX: QUICK FADE OUT.

SCENE 20: INT. PARLOUR

FX: FADE UP. CLINKING TEAPOT.

BRYER:

They were mad, of course. All of them. I see that now. But while there was the slightest chance, I had to take it – don't you see?

ACE:

I didn't mind making the tea, but I'm not sure I've got any sympathy.

DOCTOR:

And very good tea it is too, Ace. I think we can afford to be magnanimous, don't you?

ACE:

I guess.

DOCTOR:

The question is, Mrs Bryer – what will you do with the Library?

BRYER:

The Library?

DOCTOR:

The hard copies survive, Mrs Bryer. It's still a very fine collection. All that knowledge and experience mustn't go to waste.

BRYER:

I... I suppose...

DOCTOR:

In time, the Daniel Bryer Memorial Library might be as famous as... as, well, the Great Library of Alexandria!

BRYER:

Do you really think so?

DOCTOR:

I know so.

ACE:

Only you might want to categorise everything properly first?

BRYER:

I don't understand.

ACE:

Doctor, you still got Norris's book?

DOCTOR:

I do, yes. (FX: FLICKS PAGES) "Come Die With Me", by Edwin Norris. What a title the Memorialiser gave it.

ACE:

Now I don't know much about libraries, Mrs Bryer, but I promise you I know where this belongs. (BEAT) In the True Crime section.

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME



YOU ARE THE DOCTOR #3

THE GRAND BETELGEUSE HOTEL

BY CHRISTOPHER COOPER

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY

Time traveller.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED

Time traveller's companion.

RUBEN: [also GUARD]

(M, 30s) Simian ex-hotel porter, nervous disposition.

KORDEL:

(F, 40+) Mercenary – cynical, experienced, brawn-over-brain.

CHAFAL:

(M, 50s) Prosecuting Judge.

ALSO: HOSTAGES.

DIRECTOR: KEN BENTLEY

SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES

PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 1: INT. COURT OF JUSTICE, SOROR

FX: A DEEP BELL RESONATES ONCE. ATMOS: ECHOEY CHAMBER.

CHAFAL:

I, The Honourable Heelius Chafal, Prosecuting Judge of The High Court of Soror, undertake to give due consideration to the testimony of the accused, in accordance with the Laws of Soror, as enshrined in the Articles of Obedience.

The accused will now confirm they confess to any and all crimes with which they are about to be charged. How do you plead?

ACE:

I plead total ignorance. You won't even tell me what I'm supposed to have done.

CHAFAL:

Ascertaining "what you have done" is the sole purpose of these proceedings.

ACE:

(ANGRY, TIRED) So how do you expect me to plead anything?

FX: SHUFFLING OF PAPERS, CONSTERNATION FROM THE GALLERY

CHAFAL:

The court appreciates that, as an illegal alien, you may be unfamiliar with our legal statutes. However, you would be well advised to do what you are told – or accept sentencing without trial.

ACE:

That's what you call justice?

CHAFAL:

Justice is the state's concern. Yours is to abide by the Articles of Obedience. Only after a confession has been entered can we begin. How do you plead?

ACE:

We were trying to help.

CHAFAL:

(UNDER BREATH) That will have to do. (TO THE COURT) The accused has confessed. Let the prosecution commence.

FX: THE BELL RINGS.

ACE:

Hang on, I didn't confess to anything!

CHAFAL:

The following charges have been lodged: aiding and abetting an enemy of the state; unlawful entry, and intent to commit Grand Larceny on a state-owned facility; and two counts... of murder.

ACE:

(TAKEN ABACK) That's... Now you just hold on a minute!

CHAFAL:

(OVER) By entering a confession, the accused has waived all right of appeal. The penalty for such crimes is public execution via Dispersal Chamber.

FX: THE BELL RESONATES AGAIN, A SINGLE ECHOING CLANG.

ACE:

This is mad. I haven't killed anyone!

FX: HOLOGRAPHIC EMITTER ENGAGES, HUMMING IN BACKGROUND TO END OF SCENE.

CHAFAL:

Question: What do you know of the man pictured here on the holo-emitter?

ACE:

(SADLY) Professor... (TO THE COURT) He's my... he was my friend.

CHAFAL:

You should take greater care over the company you keep.
(BEAT) And where is this "Professor" now?

ACE:

(SO QUIET) Gone.

CHAFAL:

The court would appreciate it if they could *hear* your testimony.

ACE:

(SHOUTS) Gone!!! We weren't even supposed to be here. It's my fault we landed up here in the first place...

CUT TO:

SCENE 2: INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR, HOTEL

FX: FADE UP BACKGROUND HOWL OF AIR-CON. TARDIS MATERIALISES, DOOR OPENS.

ACE:

(EXITING) Bang on target this time, I'm telling y...
(REALISATION) Oh.

DOCTOR:

Never mind, Ace. It could be worse.

ACE:

Hardly Sydney Harbour, though, is it?

DOCTOR:

I'm sure this nondescript, damp-smelling corridor leads somewhere infinitely more intriguing.

FX: SHUTS THE TARDIS DOOR.

DOCTOR:

Well, what are you waiting for? (STRIDES OFF)

ACE:

(DEJECTED) Coming.

FX: SHE FOLLOWS.

CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 3: INT. ANOTHER SERVICE CORRIDOR

FX: FADE UP. DOCTOR & ACE APPROACHING DOWN CORRIDOR.

ACE:

Did you ever have to take a test? I mean, do Time Lords take a TARDIS driving test or something?

DOCTOR:

I was never really one for exams. There's no substitute for getting one's hands dirty. Mucking in. What kind of person wants to sit in some stuffy room deliberating multiple choice questions on the hyperspaceway code...?

ACE:

You failed it, didn't you?

DOCTOR:

"Failure" is a very loaded term, Ace... (COUGHS EVASIVELY) I wonder what's through here?

FX: CONTROL BLEEP. A DOOR OPENS.

ACE:

I spy with my little eye something beginning with... another corridor. Come on, admit it - there's nothing here but dirty laundry. We're lost.

DOCTOR:

Nonsense. I'm never lost. Misplaced occasionally, waylaid, but never lost. Not for long. (A THOUGHT) Laundry basket.

ACE:

What about it?

DOCTOR:

You can learn a lot from a laundry basket.

FX: FLIPS WICKER LID, RUMMAGES THROUGH BASKET.

ACE:

Going by the stink, I'm not sure I'd want to.

DOCTOR:

Aha! A towel. (SNIFFS LOUDLY) Barely even used. Just a hint of Skarowood Oil. Hmm, see this embroidered monogram? G. B. H. - which means?

ACE:

It belongs to a violent criminal with sensitive skin?

DOCTOR:

Very good... but no. G. B. H.: Grand Betelgeuse Hotel. The most opulent hotel casino in the cosmos – haunt of the rich, the famous, and the unutterably corrupt. We must be in the service corridors.

ACE:

Must be a pretty big hotel.

DOCTOR:

So big its accounts department is hidden inside a black hole. The hotel smothers the planet Soror's surface like a gem-encrusted sarcophagus...

ACE:

Planet Bling.

DOCTOR:

Shame. It was such a pretty world once.

ACE:

You've been here before?

DOCTOR:

Long ago, during its pre-history. It reminded me of Earth, back in the early days of human evolution – only here, it was a simian species that became the dominant biped. When the Earth Empire finally reached Betelgeuse, the two races were destined for conflict.

ACE:

So what happened? The humans won?

DOCTOR:

... and built a hotel and leisure complex.

FX: AN ALARM STARTS BLARING

ACE:

Fire alarm?

DOCTOR:

Probably a drill. Some chap in a bright yellow visijacket will be escorting us to an assembly point in no time.

ACE:

Can't we go back to the TARDIS and try again?

DOCTOR:

I thought you wanted to find a way out of these corridors?

ACE:

Not if it means standing in a rainy car park for half an hour.

DOCTOR:

(THOUGHTFUL) Then again, there's no smoke without pyromaniacs.

CUT TO:

SCENE 4: INT. ROOM SERVICE CONTROL

ATMOS: STILL. CALM. SOFT BLEEPS OF COMPUTER SYSTEMS BURBLE AWAY. HOWEVER..

FX: THE SAME ALARM CONTINUES TO BLARE AWAY, SLIGHTLY DISTANT.

FX: OFF - MUTED SOUND OF MULTIPLE FISTS THUMPING A METAL DOOR.

HOSTAGES:

(OFF - MUFFLED, ANGRY, DESPERATE) You can't do this!/Let us out!/Open this door!

KORDEL:

Quiet in there. The next one of you that makes a noise will end as dead as the housekeeper. Understand?

FX: THUMPING STOPS.

KORDEL:

Yeah, heroics were way above her pay scale, too.

FX: PHONE RINGS.

KORDEL:

What now?

FX: BLEEP. KORDEL ANSWERS THE CALL.

KORDEL:

(CLEARS THROAT, ALL CHARM) Good afternoon, room service?

FX: RECEIVER - INCOMPREHENSIBLE BABBLE.

KORDEL:

Oh, Reception, thanks for calling..

FX: RECEIVER BABBLE.

KORDEL:

The security alarm? A malfunction, nothing serious.

FX: RECEIVER BABBLE.

KORDEL:

No, a patrol won't be necessary. Just a minor fluid spillage on the control terminal. I have a technician working on it.

FX: RECEIVER BABBLE.

KORDEL:

No, we wouldn't want the guests complaining. We'll have the issue resolved shortly.

FX: BUZZ ENDS CALL.

KORDEL:

(IMPATIENT) Get a move on, Ruben.

CUT TO:

SCENE 5: INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR

FX: ALARM CONTINUES. RUBEN USES AN ELECTRONIC PROBE ON AN ALARM PANEL. OCCASIONAL SPARKS FIZZ.

RUBEN:

(CLOSE. MUTTERING IMPATIENTLY) Stupid system. Why won't you shut down?

ACE:

(DISTANT - SHOUTS) Oi, mate!

FX: A FIZZ OF SPARKS. RUBEN DROPS THE PROBE

RUBEN:

OUCH!

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING) Excuse my young friend's manners. New chambermaid, just started today - I'm giving her "the tour". (CONSPIRATORIALLY) Between you and me, I'm not sure she's got what it takes.

ACE:

Hey!

DOCTOR:

Do you need some assistance?

RUBEN:

(NERVOUS) No, no, it's all... everything's good. (We...)

DOCTOR:

Let me take a look. It's really not the most pleasant of noises, a security alarm.

ACE:

That's the point, isn't it? To be "alarming".

DOCTOR:

Maybe I've set off too many in my time. They've lost their novelty value. What do you think, Ace - the red or the blue wire?

ACE:

Oh, the red. It's always the red, isn't it?

DOCTOR:

Or it could be this grey one. Let's go grey. Happens to us all eventually. Or previously.

FX: WIRE CUTTERS SNAP, ALARM STOPS.

DOCTOR:

There.

CORRIDOR ATMOS. AN UNEASY MOMENT.

DOCTOR:

I don't suppose you'd be kind enough to show us to the nearest exit, would you?

RUBEN:

But weren't you...? – I mean, yes, you'd probably better follow me.

CUT TO:

SCENE 6: INT. COURT OF JUSTICE

FX: THE BELL RINGS ONCE.

CHAFAL:

And you claim this was your first encounter with Suspect A303, the Soror native Ruben?

ACE:

Why should I go to the effort of making stuff up? I thought that was your job?

CHAFAL:

Only, your companion seemed to know so much about the hotel's security system.

ACE:

The Doctor knew a lot of things.

CHAFAL:

One wonders how much you ever really knew about him?

FX: THE BELL CHIMES.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7: INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR

FX: FOOTSTEPS.

RUBEN:

(AHEAD OF THE OTHERS) It's not far. I just have to report back to my, um, line manager.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE TALK CONSPIRATORIALLY.

ACE:

Is it just me, or does Mister Short and Hairy seem a bit shifty?

DOCTOR:

Never judge a book by its cover, Ace - unless that book's called "Tampering with Security Systems for Dummies".

ACE:

So that's how you know so much about them!

DOCTOR:

This chap's a low-level porter, going by the uniform. I don't imagine he has clearance to operate a paper cup dispenser, let alone fix an alarm.

RUBEN:

(NEARBY, STAMMERS) Here we are. Just through here.

ACE:

(WHISPERS) Whatever it is he's up to, I think we're about to find out.

FX: DOOR HUMS OPEN, INTO:

SCENE 8: INT. ROOM SERVICE CONTROL [CONTINUOUS]

KORDEL:

Finally. What took you?

RUBEN:

(ENTERS) I'm sorry, Kordel. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't -

THE DOCTOR AND ACE ENTER.

DOCTOR:

Room Service, I presume? I wanted to talk to someone about the towels...

ACE:

(ALARMED) Professor.

FX: PULZ-KANNON COCKED AND PRIMED.

DOCTOR:

Ah. A Pulz-Kannon, I believe? Kannon with a 'K'.

KORDEL:

(SHOUTS) Hold it. Hands behind your heads. On your knees. NOW.
(TO RUBEN) What were you playing at, Ruben?

RUBEN:

They found me at the alarm interface. I couldn't just let them walk away. What if they're Security?

KORDEL:

Do they look like Security? Go find a rope or something and get them tied up. (BEAT) Well, go on!

RUBEN:

Right. Yes...

FX: RUBEN HURRIES OFF

ACE:

(WHISPERS) Suddenly dirty linen doesn't seem so bad. Who'd stick up a hotel laundry?

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERS) Someone who wants to make a clean getaway?

KORDEL:

(ORDERS) Stop talking.

DOCTOR:

I think there's been something of a misunderstanding.

KORDEL:

I said stop.

DOCTOR:

You do realise it was us who shut down the alarm, don't you?

KORDEL:

You?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid your friend seemed rather out of his depth.

ACE:

This place would be swarming with hotel security by now, if we hadn't helped him.

KORDEL:

I've already dealt with our security issue. We're in the clear. Question is - who are you?

DOCTOR:

Do I have to spell it out? We're part of the gang, not casual passers-by. You're evidently the muscle, he's the inside man, and we're... I.T. support.

KORDEL:

You look pretty casual to me. I wasn't told anyone else was on this job.

DOCTOR:

You're on a Need-to-Know basis, and you didn't need to know until you needed to know, which was when the alarm bells started ringing.

ACE:

Think of us as Plan B.

DOCTOR:

Precisely. - So you might want to point that Kannon with a K at something less susceptible to death by plasma fire...?

FX: RUBEN JOGS BACK.

RUBEN:

(PANTING) All I could find was this old shower curtain and some soap on a rope.

FX: PULZ-KANON POWERS DOWN.

KORDEL:

Keep them. Seems we're all in this together.

SCENE 9: INT. COURT OF JUSTICE

FX: BELL RINGS.

CHAFAL:

So, you admit that you and your accomplice were involved after all?

ACE:

We were bluffing. She had a gun on us. It was a strategy – confuse the enemy, get them on-side?

CHAFAL:

A simpler explanation would be that you were not only involved but complicit.

ACE:

Kordel was obviously dangerous, so we improvised! We had no idea what was going on in there.

CHAFAL:

Are you quite sure about that?

ACE:

I told you what happened!

CHAFAL:

And were you aware that the Doctor had been known to the Soror authorities for some time?

ACE:

He got around.

CHAFAL:

As the police records show.

FX: HOLOGRAPHIC EMMITER SWITCHES ON. IT HUMS IN THE BACKGROUND AS THE CLIPS PLAY OUT.

FX: CRACKLY ARCHIVE RECORDING – A CHANTING MOB THEN RAPID LASER-FIRE, SCREAMS.

CHAFAL:

Here. The social unrest on Soror B that resulted in the unavoidable execution of twenty-two civilians. There's your Doctor, ringleader of a criminal mob.

FX: HOLOGRAPHIC EMMITER RUNS ANOTHER CLIP.

FX: CRACKLY ARCHIVE RECORDING – RUNNING FEET, THEN AN EXPLOSION.

CHAFAL:

Here. The destruction of Soror's primary nutrient factory. The Doctor can be seen fleeing the facility shortly before the explosion.

FX: CRACKLY ARCHIVE RECORDING - RUNNING FEET, AND AN EVEN BIGGER EXPLOSION.

CHAFAL:

And again..

FX: CRACKLY ARCHIVE RECORDING - RUNNING FEET, AND BIGGER EXPLOSION STILL.

CHAFAL:

And again. These are not the actions of a man who merely blunders into situations. I put it to you that you knew exactly what you were getting into, and that you and the Doctor were on a mission. A mission to overthrow the Soror Dictat!

ACE:

That's ridiculous!

FX: THE BELL CHIMES.

CUT TO:

SCENE 10: INT. ROOM SERVICE CONTROL

DOCTOR:

Now we're all friends, how about some introductions? Criminal aliases, obviously. I'm the Doctor, AKA the Professor, AKA The Approaching Inclement Weather System – although I admit that last one is a work in progress.

ACE:

Yeah, and I'm Ace, his... Hench-Person?

DOCTOR:

I'm sure our reputations precede us.

KORDEL:

They don't. Just because you cut the alarm doesn't mean security won't be on our case eventually. We need to hustle. So, I.T. Helpdesk – what's your plan B?

DOCTOR:

I was rather hoping you'd tell us.

ACE:

That's the problem with Need-to-Know. We don't.

KORDEL:

Some support!

DOCTOR:

This location must have been chosen for a reason. Out of the way, unimportant, a soft target. But why?

RUBEN:

Room Service has a portal to the hotel's Vault Conduit. With the correct pass-code, it enables unrestricted access to every portal on the network, even the secure ones. I... used to work here, that's how I know. But...

DOCTOR:

A Vault Conduit. A conduit... A device for conveying matter from A to... Oh!

ACE:

What?

DOCTOR:

Some of the wealthiest and shadiest guests in the entire galaxy frequent the Grand Betelgeuse Hotel, every one of them with "baggage" they'd prefer to keep locked away, somewhere totally secure.

ACE:

The vault at the other end of the Vault Conduit..

DOCTOR:

Exactly. The safest safety deposit box in this or any other universe – which happens to be just beyond the event horizon of the hotel's tame black hole.

ACE:

Awesome. Beats stuffing bank notes under a mattress.

DOCTOR:

Yes... unless some nefarious ne'er-do-wells – no offence – get their hands on the pass-code, then you might as well have stayed in bed.

KORDEL:

Stop telling me what I already know and open the conduit. That's what you're being paid for, right?

DOCTOR:

You're our man in Havana, Ruben. The code is your area of expertise.

RUBEN:

... What?

DOCTOR:

The pass-code?

RUBEN:

Oh. Erm...

KORDEL:

You do have the code, don't you?

RUBEN:

I stole it when I was let go... but it doesn't work. I found out just when the housekeeper...

KORDEL:

(ANGRY) I knew you'd turn out to be a useless asset, you Sororian waste of molecules.

RUBEN:

(UPSET) It's not my fault. They must have changed it. And you'd better stop talking to me like that, or you'll be sorry!

KORDEL:

Not nearly as sorry as you're about to be.

FX: PULZ-KANNON COCKED

RUBEN:

(SQUEALS) But...

DOCTOR:

(COMMANDING) NO. No more killing. If you pull that trigger, I'm not opening anything.

(BEAT)

KORDEL:

(DISGUSTED) Ugh.

FX: WEAPON POWERS DOWN.

DOCTOR:

There. Doesn't that feel better?

KORDEL:

Not particularly.

DOCTOR:

I'll have to work around the missing code, but it shouldn't take long to knock up a bypass circuit. Ace, take Ruben and find the staff room. We could all do with a stiff drink. Tea, milk and half-a-dozen sugars please.

ACE:

I'm not *really* a trainee chambermaid, you know.

DOCTOR:

(GROWLS UNDER HIS BREATH) I know. Just get Ruben away from her - and try to find out what it is we're supposed to be stealing.

CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 11: INT. STAFF ROOM

ATMOS: A SMALL ROOM.

FX: FADE UP. BUTTONS PRESSED. DRINKS BEING POURED FROM A DISPENSER.

RUBEN:

(PERTURBED, NOT REALLY SPEAKING TO ACE) She can't speak to me like that. How was I supposed to know the code had changed ...?

ACE:

Here. Drink this... whatever this is.

RUBEN:

It's all going wrong. I don't know what to do.

ACE:

The Doctor will make it right. He's broken into way more places than I have, and I grew up in Perivale.

RUBEN:

(SIPS DRINK AND SNORTS CONTEMPTUOUSLY) You humans are all the same. Duplicitous, greedy, criminal monsters.

ACE:

We're not all the same. If it's monsters you want, think yourself lucky we're not Cybermen, or worse.

RUBEN DOESN'T RESPOND. ACE TRIES AGAIN.

ACE:

You must have been pretty desperate, Ruben. To come back like this, after they'd... they fired you, right?

RUBEN:

It happens. Sororian labour is cheap and easy to come by. Career prospects are not something we give much consideration too. So long as we can feed our families.

ACE:

If this place is worth as much as the Doctor says, they'll feed pretty well.

RUBEN:

It is worth nothing.

ACE:

So if it's not about the money, what are you after? Revenge?

RUBEN:

That's what you think this is about? Something that petty? You think we're so small-minded?

ACE:

No. It's just, you don't seem like much of a criminal.

RUBEN:

I'm nothing like that witch out there. Or you and your bizarre companion. Thugs, thieves and vagrants.

ACE:

The Doctor saved your life, remember?

RUBEN:

What good is being alive if I've already failed my people? My family?

FX: CHAIR SCRAPES ACROSS THE FLOOR, ANGRY FOOTSTEPS.

RUBEN STANDS AND WALKS OUT.

ACE:

Ruben, wait! (BEAT, TO HERSELF) Sorry, Professor. I tried.

ACE FOLLOWS RUBEN.

CUT TO:

SCENE 12: INT. ROOM SERVICE CONTROL

FX: DOOR OPENS. KORDEL ENTERS.

KORDEL:

I've sealed the entrances. Security will be onto us the second the conduit is activated. Should keep them off our backs until we're gone. Are you done yet, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(WORKING AWAY ON A CIRCUIT) Almost there...

KORDEL:

We're running out of time. Just need to add a little extra insurance policy...

FX: KORDEL ATTACHES A SMALL DEVICE TO THE SIDE OF THE PORTAL CONSOLE, BLEEPES SIGNIFY IT HAS BEEN ACTIVATED.

DOCTOR:

A thermic detonator?

KORDEL:

It'll trigger automatically once we're on the other side. I don't want anyone following us.

DOCTOR:

Doesn't blowing up the portal make this rather a one-way trip?

KORDEL:

I never take on a job without an extraction plan.

DOCTOR:

I prefer to make things up as I go along.

KORDEL:

Why doesn't that surprise me?

DOCTOR:

Can I ask - why Ruben? What did you promise him? I can't help feeling he was hoping to get rather more out of this than money.

KORDEL:

We needed an ex-employee who could gain us easy access to the conduit. He was so keen, it was as if the servile mongrel couldn't wait to find a way back into the hotel.

DOCTOR:

Fascinating...

KORDEL:

Still, without the code, he's excess baggage. We'll be leaving him here.

CUT TO:

SCENE 13: INT. STAFF ROOM CORRIDOR

RUBEN:
(SOBBING)

FX: ACE APPROACHING — SLOWS WHEN SHE SEES HIM.

ACE:
Ruben?

RUBEN:
(COMPOSES HIMSELF) Keep away from me.

ACE:
I'm trying to understand. What is it you have to do? The Doctor and me, maybe we can help.

RUBEN:
(INTERUPTS) I don't need your help, or anyone else's. This is something I have to do.

ACE:
Look - we're not really part of any gang. Whatever Kordel is here to steal, believe me, we have nothing to do with it.

RUBEN:
I stopped believing human lies the day they took my children.

(BEAT)

ACE:
Your kids? I'm so sorry. Who would do that? Why?

RUBEN:
(CYNICAL) The "Grand" Betelgeuse Hotel has a high staff turnover. They take what they need. If the guests only knew the suffering and torment my people endure so that they have a "pleasant stay".

ACE:
Can't you go to the authorities? Tell them what's happening?

RUBEN:
The hotel is "the authorities". The Soror Dictat controls everything — the solar farms, the furnaces, even the dessert menu — all in the service of hospitality.

ACE:
So if the hotel is just another branch of the state, then... That's why you're working with Kordel — You want to use the conduit to find your kids!

RUBEN:

(DARKLY) Something like that.

CUT TO:

SCENE 14: INT. ROOM SERVICE CONTROL

FX: SWITCH CLICKS, COMPUTER CODE FLOWS ACROSS A SCREEN.

DOCTOR:

Who needs a secret access code when there's a Doctor in the house?

KORDEL:

Are we good to go?

DOCTOR:

More or less, once Ace and Ruben get back.

FX: DOOR OPENS. ACE ENTERS.

DOCTOR:

Talk of the devil... No tea?

ACE:

Just a kind of gloopy soup. Not really your sort of thing.

DOCTOR:

Shame. A cup of tea helps no end before a spot of inter-dimensional matter transferal. Where's Ruben?

ACE:

He's... he'll be here in a bit. He just needs a little time.

DOCTOR:

There isn't any. We're ready.

KORDEL:

Not so fast.

FX: PULZ-KANNON COCKED

KORDEL:

Get over there. You're not coming.

FX: DOOR OPENS. RUBEN ENTERS [STEREO POSITIONING SUGGESTS HE'S ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF KORDEL TO ACE AND THE DOCTOR].

RUBEN:

What's going on?

KORDEL:

I'm putting this plan back on track. Anyone but me going through the portal was never part of it.

RUBEN:

(DISTRAUGHT, SHOUTS) You lied to me!

KORDEL:

That's rich, coming from you!

RUBEN:

NO! (SCREAMS - LIKE AN ANGRY CHIMPANZEE)

RUBEN LEAPS AT KORDEL, AND THEY STRUGGLE.

FX: A FIGHT. FURNITURE SENT FLYING AS THE TWO CRASH ABOUT.

DOCTOR:

Ruben! No!

KORDEL STRUGGLES FOR BREATH AS RUBEN ATTEMPTS TO THROTTLE HER.

KORDEL:

Achhkkkkk...! Get... this... animal... off me!

ACE:

Watch out, Professor. The gun!

FX: TWO RAPID BLASTS ECHO AROUND THE ROOM. SILENCE. THEN A LARGE OBJECT - KORDEL'S CORPSE - SLAMS INTO THE GROUND.

CUT TO:

SCENE 15: INT. COURT OF JUSTICE

FX: THE BELL CHIMES

CHAFAL:

When our security team gained access to Room Service Control, you were found with two corpses, burnt beyond all recognition.

ACE:

The Doctor. He didn't stand a chance...

CHAFAL:

(CHUCKLES) Convincing, but impossible. One was the housekeeper. The autopsy confirmed that the other was female. Are you implying your accomplice somehow changed gender, mid-robbery?

ACE:

OK, Judge Judy - it was Kordel. Ruben got hold of her blaster in the struggle and... well, blasted her.

CHAFAL:

You expect me to believe an ex-hotel porter, a Sororian, knew how to fire an advanced energy weapon?

ACE:

It's not difficult. All you have to do is pull the trigger. Give me a gun and I'll prove it, if you like?

CHAFAL:

That won't be necessary. It is well known that Sororians are incapable of anything more than rudimentary menial tasks.

ACE:

You're wrong. You treat them like animals, yet you're surprised when they fight back?

CHAFAL:

The facts are not up for debate. You and the Doctor conspired to murder your accomplices, to take their share of your ill-gotten gains.

ACE:

You're an idiot.

CHAFAL:

We have a murder weapon, two victims, one suspect, and the testimony of several hostages.

ACE:

Who were locked up in a storage cabinet. They didn't see anything! Don't you even want to know what happened to the others?

CHAFAL:

Is your guilt not proven? Or do their deaths weigh heavily on your conscience too?

FX: THE BELL CHIMES.

CUT TO:

SCENE 16: INT. ROOM SERVICE CONTROL

ACE:

Kordel's dead.

RUBEN:

(CATCHING BREATH) You, Doctor. You were working on a way to open the Vault Conduit, bypassing the security protocols?

DOCTOR:

I was.

RUBEN:

Do it now, (FX: PULZ-KANNON COCKED) or your hench-person dies too.

ACE:

There's no need for this, Ruben. Once the Doctor knows what they did to your family..

RUBEN:

Do it!

FX: BLEEPs, SWITCHES FLICKED, THE VAULT CONDUIT ACTIVATES.

DOCTOR:

Conduit active. Everybody, into the portal.

RUBEN:

No. Now, Doctor - activate every other portal in the network, on both sides of the black hole.

DOCTOR:

Both sides? But -

RUBEN:

Never mind. I've been watching, I can do it myself.

RUBEN STARTS ALTERING SETTINGS ON THE PORTAL CONTROL TERMINAL.

DOCTOR:

Ruben, think about this!

FX: THE CONDUIT SOUND SHIFTS PITCH. THE SOUND INCREASES IN PITCH AND VOLUME THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.

ACE:

(TO DOCTOR) What's he doing, Doctor? What happens if he activates every portal in the network? Something bad, right?

DOCTOR:

Extremely.

VOICES RAISED ABOVE THE GROWING DIN.

DOCTOR:

Ruben, you're about to flood a planet-wide transmat system with unfiltered anti-matter. Do you have any idea what that means?

RUBEN:

Freedom!

DOCTOR:

The total destruction of your planet. Your people. Every one of them will die.

RUBEN:

Your Earth Empire began that process long ago.

ACE:

But your kids...!

RUBEN:

(DISTRAUGHT) The Dictat stole them from me. If they're not dead already, there's no chance I'll ever find them. Now I'm taking everything back, for Soror!

ACE:

This isn't the way!

FX: CONDUIT - LOUDER, HIGHER PITCHED.

DOCTOR:

What if your children are still alive? The hotel will have kept records, left a paper trail. I can help you follow it.

ACE:

We can help you find them, Ruben. Please! You owe it to them to try!

(BEAT)

RUBEN:

(REALISATION) I... oh my... what have I done?

FX: RUBEN TAPS FURIOUSLY AT THE CONTROLS, BUT THE OVERLOAD STILL INCREASES.

RUBEN:

(SOBBING) I can't stop it. I can't stop it!

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) It's too late. Ace, take cover!

ACE:

(SHOUTING) What are you doing?

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) Just take cover! - Ruben, into the portal.

RUBEN:

(SHOVED) I've killed them all!

ACE:

No, wait! Where are you going...?

DOCTOR:

Take cove[rrrrrrr!]

FX: CONDUIT TRANSMAT BEAM SHIMMERS.

FX: BOOM! THERMIC DETONATOR DETONATES... AND THEN SILENCE.

SCENE 17: INT. COURT OF JUSTICE

ACE:

The portal must have been damaged by the overload. As soon as they stepped onto it, it... exploded. There was nothing left of either of them.

SCENE 18: INT. ROOM SERVICE CONTROL [A FEW MOMENTS LATER]

FX: ROOM SERVICE ATMOS FADES IN, DREAMILY IN THE BACKGROUND, RESOLVING AS THE HOSTAGES START SHOUTING.

FX: HOSTAGES BANGING ON DOOR, VOICES MUFFLED.

HOSTAGES:

What's happening out there?/Help! Help us!/Let us out!

ACE:

Doctor...? Ruben? DOCTOR! - Oh, no. (BEAT; REALISATION) The hostages. Hang on. I'm coming.

FX: ACE OPENS THE DOOR, THE HOSTAGES BURST OUT.

ACE:

I'm sorry. I wasn't a part of this.

HOSTAGES:

Yeah, right!

She's one of them.

Hold her!

Grab her!

ACE:

I told you, I'm not... argh! Get off...!

HOSTAGES PILE ONTO ACE.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

SCENE 19: INT. COURT OF JUSTICE

ACE:

The hostages grabbed me, called Security, and, well, here I am. Just my luck.

CHAFAL:

Your "friend" the Doctor left you to answer for his crimes. Perhaps that was the reason he tolerated your companionship, all along.

ACE:

He died saving your planet. Doesn't that mean anything to you?

CHAFAL:

He was part of a pre-meditated attack against the Dictat. You admitted as much yourself.

ACE:

I've told you what happened. Have you got cloth ears or something?

CHAFAL:

You and your associates have been found guilty as charged. As their legal status is deceased, their sentences will be commuted onto yours. Edited highlights of this hearing will be made available for public consumption, usual viewing fees apply. Guards - take her to the Dispersal Chamber.

FX: ACE LED AWAY BY TWO GUARDS.

ACE:

I'll come back and haunt you. The Doctor's a hero. My hero!

FX: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS CROSS TO:

SCENE 20: INT. OUTSIDE/INSIDE DISPERSAL CHAMBER

FX: FOOTSTEPS.

ACE:

(DRAGGED ALONG) So long as the people he inspired keep fighting, the Doctor will never die!

FX: TO HALT. DISPERSAL CHAMBER CAGE DOORS CLANG OPEN.

GUARD:

Get in, or be thrown in.

ACE:

Throw me in, see if I care!

GUARD:

Suit yourself. (ACE SHOVED IN)

ACE:

(GASPS)

FX: THE DISPERSAL CHAMBER DOORS CLOSE SLOWLY AS ACE SPEAKS, CLANGING SHUT AS SHE FINISHES.

ACE:

You hear me? The Doctor will never die! Never!

FX: DISPERSAL FIELD STARTS UP - AN APPALLING, BASS WAIL.

ACE:

What, already -? (SCREAMS)

BUT AS WE RECOIL AT ACE'S SCREAM OF TERROR...

FX: THE CONDUIT TRANSMAT BEAM MIXES IN AND TAKES OVER.

CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 21: INT. SAFE

FX: CONDUIT TRANS-MAT BEAM FADES OUT.

ATMOS: CALM, SAFE, STILL.

ACE:

What the...?

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry I took so long.

ACE:

Doctor!!! Is this... a safe?

DOCTOR:

A safe space in the portal network.

ACE:

You made it into the vault conduit after all! You beamed me out of the dispersal chamber!

DOCTOR:

A little theatrical, but so far as the court knows, your atoms have been utterly discombobulated.

ACE:

There was an explosion. Back in Room Service Control. I thought...

DOCTOR:

Kordel had installed a thermic detonator to explode when the portal was used, so using it was the quickest way to stop everything else going bang. That's why I told you to take cover.

ACE:

You could have told me!

DOCTOR:

Ah, but thanks to your testimony, mine and Ruben's legal status is 'deceased'.

ACE:

Great, so you used me.

DOCTOR:

It afforded me a wonderful opportunity. I was right about the hotel records. I found Ruben's family.

ACE:

What about Ruben? How is he?

DOCTOR:

Resting. I know a Venusian litany that works wonders to soothe a troubled mind. He was right, though: his people need our help.

ACE:

Too right. They showed me holograms, in the courtroom. You were helping the Sororian rebels.

DOCTOR:

Really? Well I wasn't, yet. That's the problem with time travel - sometimes the future overtakes you. This hotel needs new management.

ACE:

Well, it's the worst hotel I've ever stayed in. But I was being held in a maximum security cell awaiting summary trial and execution.

DOCTOR:

Then once we've finished here, let's go somewhere a little more easy-going. You're driving.

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME.



YOU ARE THE DOCTOR #4

DEAD TO THE WORLD

BY MATTHEW J ELLIOTT

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY

Time traveller.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED

Time traveller's companion.

ADRIANA BEAUVAIS:

(F, 40+) Sullen spaceship captain.

MERVYN GARVEY:

(M, 30s-40s, maybe Northern?) Self-made computer millionaire, affable but somewhat overwhelmed.

CYNTHIA QUINCE:

(F, 20s-30s) Quirky passenger, a bit common.

BAILIFF:

(M, older) Prissy alien businessman.

DIRECTOR: KEN BENTLEY

SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES

PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 1: INT. DAEDALUS - COCKPIT

FX: EQUIPMENT NOISES ARE INFREQUENT AND DISCORDANT. ADRIANA SCRIBBLING A MESSAGE ON PAPER.

ADRIANA:

(V/O) "It's been so long since I had to write anything by hand, but there's not enough power for me to record a vid-message. I'm afraid whoever finds this might not recognise my writing, and think this confession's a forgery. I don't know what I can do to make you believe it's genuine. But it is. In just a few hours or days, it won't matter that I'm responsible for the deaths of a dozen people. Well, it might matter to you, but not to [me -]

FX: WITH JUST A COUPLE OF STEPS, GARVEY ENTERS.

GARVEY:

Adriana! Adriana!!!

ADRIANA:

(YELLS) You frightened the hell out of me!

GARVEY:

Sorry. What're you doing?

FX: SHE SCREWS THE PAPER UP.

ADRIANA:

Nothing. What do you want, Garvey?

GARVEY:

They answered your distress call!

ADRIANA:

They... what?

GARVEY:

There's a doctor in the lounge right now!

ADRIANA

A doctor?

GARVEY:

Cynthia's with him! It's all going to be all right! We're going home!

SCENE 2: INT. DAEDALUS - LOUNGE

CYNTHIA:

I cannot tell you how long we've been waiting for you.

DOCTOR:

Can't you? Oh dear.

CYNTHIA:

Do you have any food?

DOCTOR:

Food? Let me see...

FX: HE RUMMAGES THROUGH HIS POCKETS.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid all I have is an apple.

CYNTHIA:

That's OK.

FX: SHE BITES THE APPLE.

CYNTHIA:

(MOUTH FULL) It's amazing.

DOCTOR:

Is the ship running low on rations?

CYNTHIA:

No, there's more to go round since everyone started dying. I know how that must sound.

DOCTOR:

I wonder if you do, Miss Quince.

CYNTHIA:

Cynthia.

DOCTOR:

Cynthia.

CYNTHIA:

Up until yesterday, I was still in hysterics. I suppose I've just come out the other side of it, you know, accepted things.

DOCTOR:

What things, precisely?

CYNTHIA:

That I was going to go the same way as everyone else, you know – liquefy. That's a funny word, isn't, liquefy?

DOCTOR:

It's not one of my favourites. What's causing it, Cynthia?

CYNTHIA:

You tell me. You're the doctor.

DOCTOR:

Yes, but I, uh, need more information before I can make a diagnosis. Prognosis. No, diagnosis. I think.

CYNTHIA:

Adriana must've told you what happened. Captain Beauvais, I mean. Mervyn and me, we call her Adriana now. When you're stuck together like this and you don't know who's going next, you don't bother with titles. So what do I call you?

DOCTOR:

Doctor. What's this ship's course, Cynthia? Where were you headed?

CYNTHIA:

There and back again. After I had the accident, I thought- why not?

DOCTOR:

Why not, indeed? **(BEAT)** I'm sorry, what accident?

CYNTHIA:

Three years ago, I was walking to work, went past a building site, this bloke on the scaffolding drops his hammer..
(WHISTLES, FOLLOWED BY A SPLAT SOUND). The surgery I had! Tap my forehead. Go on.

FX: TWO TAPS AGAINST METAL.

DOCTOR:

Good grief.

CYNTHIA:

That's titanium, that is. Doesn't half give me a migraine when it rains. I'm lucky to be alive. I mean, I will be. If I live. Anyway, when my insurance money came through, well... I just wanted to see the world from space, have a real once-in-a-lifetime experience.

FX: THE DOCTOR SNAPS HIS FINGERS.

DOCTOR:

Space tourism! Yes, it was quite a fad in this period. Well, until the Daedalus tragedy, of course. (TUTS) Those poor people. (HESITANTLY) This ship wouldn't happen to be called the Daedalus... would it?

SCENE 3: INT. DAEDALUS – CORRIDOR

FX: ADRIANA AND GARVEY WALK AT A BRISK PACE.

GARVEY:

I expect we'll be going back in the Doctor's ship – leave the Daedalus behind.

ADRIANA:

I expect so.

GARVEY:

Adriana, I just want you to know – when we're back on the ground... you know, on Earth?

ADRIANA:

I remember where the ground is.

GARVEY:

There'll be no legal ramifications. What I'm trying to say is, uh...

ADRIANA:

You're not going to sue me. How magnanimous of you, Mr Garvey.

GARVEY:

I'll manage.

ADRIANA:

That's a weight off my mind.

GARVEY:

Probably start up another company.

ADRIANA:

It's just that easy for you, isn't it? "King of the entrepreneurs".

GARVEY:

I wanted to call my autobiography 'I Did It My Way,' but there were legal issues. Look, that doesn't matter.

ADRIANA:

None of it does.

GARVEY:

You don't have to think that way now. Once the Doctor's examined us, we can get out of here.

ADRIANA:

Looks that way, doesn't it, Garvey?

GARVEY:

I wish you'd call me Mervyn.

ADRIANA:

I wish you'd call me Captain.

SCENE 4: INT. DAEDALUS - LOUNGE

CYNTHIA:

It started with the first spacewalk. It was supposed to be me, but I wanted to see someone else try it first, so I'd know it was safe. Poor- I can't even remember her name, isn't that awful? I suppose I thought we'd all have time to get to know each other.

DOCTOR:

It's a typical human failing to imagine there'll always be enough time.

CYNTHIA:

She was loving it, I've never heard anyone so happy. Then the thing happened.

DOCTOR:

If I'm to help you and your friends, Cynthia, I'm going to need a more detailed description than "the thing".

CYNTHIA:

I'm not really good with- you know-

DOCTOR:

Words.

CYNTHIA:

Yeah, them. OK, let me think. Nobody saw it coming, it was like a bolt from the blue- Bolt! That's the word. Like an- a beam or a burst or a bolt. Does the colour matter? - only I didn't notice.

DOCTOR:

I assume the spacewalk was recorded.

CYNTHIA:

All part of the package. You get a disc of your whole holiday experience. I'm not sure I want one now.

DOCTOR:

I'd like to see the incident for myself.

CYNTHIA:

That's not going to happen. There's barely enough power for life-support.

DOCTOR:

Odd, that. Please go on, this anonymous spacewalker was struck by an energy bolt.

CYNTHIA:

She wasn't anonymous, we just didn't get a chance to talk, that's all. After the Captain- Adriana – got her spacesuit off, she started to- Ugh! You've never seen anything like it!

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid I might have done.

CYNTHIA:

Half an hour, that was all it took. There wasn't anything left of her. Nothing recognisable, I mean. Just a load of goo – we had to pour it into the helmet, like soup.

DOCTOR:

A very particular variety of soup.

CYNTHIA:

It was tragic, really. Before the accident, she was so bubbly. And then afterwards... Well, she was still quite bubbly, actually. I suppose that must've been the methane.

DOCTOR:

So you, Mr Garvey and Captain Beauvais are the only ones left?

CYNTHIA:

Mervyn's been my rock. He's got such wisdom and life experience. And a nice bum for a man of his age. And he's successful – he does computers.

DOCTOR:

And what about the less fortunate passengers...?

CYNTHIA:

A few hours after that girl, there was another infection – Canadian bloke, I think. That was when we started losing power. And people kept dying – there were fourteen of us to start with. I reckoned we'd either starve or- what was the word I said?

FX: ADRIANA AND GARVEY ENTER.

ADRIANA:

Liquefy, probably. You must be the Doctor.

DOCTOR:

A pleasure to meet you, Captain.

ADRIANA:

I wish I could say the same. Hands up, please.

GARVEY:

Adriana, what the hell?

DOCTOR:

Firing a percussion weapon in a pressurized environment isn't a particularly wise idea.

ADRIANA:

The windows can take it. Besides, we're dead anyway.

GARVEY:

What are you talking about, he's a doctor!

ADRIANA:

He's a stowaway, a saboteur. No ship's docked with the Daedalus.

CYNTHIA:

Sorry, I am completely lost.

ADRIANA:

Are you alone, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Alone? Yes, totally alone.

SCENE 5: INT. DAEDALUS - COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE

FX: ACE WALKING ALONG CORRIDOR.

ACE:

Anyone about? I'm not here to make trouble or anything, I just need to use a communications cons- (STOPS WALKING) Never mind, I found one. Right then...

FX: ACE PUNCHES BUTTONS ON THE CONSOLE.

ACE:

Oh, you must be joking. Come on, work!

FX: SHE TRIES AGAIN, BEFORE HAMMERING THE KEYS WITH HER FIST.

ACE:

What is the matter with you, you stupid machine? You're just lucky I don't have my baseball bat anymore.

SCENE 6: INT. DAEDALUS - LOUNGE

DOCTOR:

Of course, even when I'm on my own, it can get quite crowded - half a dozen voices, each telling me they'd do things differently.

GARVEY:

I think he needs a doctor.

DOCTOR:

I *am* a doctor.

ADRIANA:

No more talking. You're coming with me.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS)

GARVEY:

Are you sure you know what you're doing, Adriana? What if he knows how to cure this virus?

DOCTOR:

It's not any kind of virus, Mr Garvey.

CYNTHIA:

It's not?

DOCTOR:

I'd love to stop and tell you all about it, but for some reason your Captain has a strict "no chit-chat" policy. Still, food for thought.

ADRIANA:

Move!

FX: SHE PUSHES HIM OUT OF THE LOUNGE.

CYNTHIA:

He seemed so nice an' all. Who'd have thought it?

GARVEY:

Thought what?

CYNTHIA:

That he was a- you know, whatever he is.

GARVEY:

Something's not right here, Cynthia.

SCENE 7: INT. DAEDALUS - CORRIDOR

FX: ADRIANA MARCHES THE DOCTOR DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

DOCTOR:

I've met some closed-minded people in my time, Captain, but you're not even prepared to consider the possibility that I might be able to help you?

ADRIANA:

Nope.

DOCTOR:

Not much of a one for small-talk, eh? I'll be sure to make a note of it in my online review. "Captain Beauvais does not indulge in small-talk; tea and coffee-making facilities in all cabins."

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP.

ADRIANA:

Actually, there are. Make yourself a drink while you wait.

FX: SHE TURNS A METAL WHEEL. THE CELL DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Thank-you. What exactly am I waiting for?

ADRIANA:

The same thing we're all waiting for, Doctor - death.

DOCTOR:

You're not going to shoot me? Not that I encourage or condone that sort of behaviour.

ADRIANA:

There's no need. Just give it time.

DOCTOR:

I always do. You know, I'm beginning to revise my notion of what constitutes a pressurized environment.

ADRIANA:

Get in the cell.

FX: HE STEPS INTO THE CELL.

DOCTOR:

Captain, I cannot for the life of me recall a virus capable not only of liquefying its victims, but also of shutting off your ship's power.

ADRIANA:

Well, now you'll have the opportunity to try and think of one.

DOCTOR:

Aren't you worried that someone might actually answer your distress call?

ADRIANA:

Not remotely.

DOCTOR:

I wonder why.

ADRIANA:

No you don't.

FX: SHE SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT AND SPINS THE WHEEL. THE DOCTOR KNOCKS ON THE DOOR'S GLASS PANEL.

DOCTOR:

(BEHIND THE DOOR) Excuse me, I can't seem to find the trouser-press.

SCENE 8: INT. DAEDALUS - LOUNGE

GARVEY:

Why was Adriana so sure another ship hadn't docked with us?

CYNTHIA:

She's the Captain.

GARVEY:

She didn't know the Doctor was on board until I told her, but she was certain he couldn't have answered her distress call.

CYNTHIA:

Because she never sent it?

GARVEY:

That's what I reckon.

CYNTHIA:

Why would she just let us die, Mervyn? Let *herself* die?

GARVEY:

I don't care half as much about that as I do about letting the folk back on Earth know what's happening.

CYNTHIA:

It must be too late now!

GARVEY:

Computers are my business. If there's a drop of power that can be rerouted, I'll find it!

CYNTHIA:

That is the sexiest thing I have ever heard.

GARVEY:

Not a good time, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA:

Right.

SCENE 9: INT. DAEDALUS - CELL

FX: THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER WHIRRS.

DOCTOR:

Don't feel too bad, it's a mechanical lock, it's hardly your fault, old- old... Funny, I spend so much time calling the TARDIS "old girl", I never stopped to think whether my sonic screwdriver has a gender. So are you a boy or a girl?

FX: THE SCREWDRIVER WHIRRS.

DOCTOR:

Boy.

ACE:

(ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR UNTIL IT'S OPENED IN A MOMENT)

Would you two like to be left alone?

DOCTOR:

Ace. I was wondering where you'd got to.

ACE:

Have you ever worked out what percentage of your life is spent locked up like this?

DOCTOR:

Ace, get me out of here!

ACE:

I'm just saying, it'd be a big slice out of a pie chart.

FX: ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, ACE SLOWLY TURNS THE WHEEL. THE DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

I take it you had no success with that little task I gave you?

ACE:

(CAN NOW BE HEARD CLEARLY) If you knew beforehand, why did you even ask me? This isn't another one of your brilliant schemes, is it?

DOCTOR:

Hardly, but I'm assured that this ship is gradually powering down, and if that's the case, you wouldn't have been able to access the passenger manifest.

ACE:

What was the point of me doing that if this isn't where we were supposed to be going?

DOCTOR:

It's not where we were going, but I have a feeling it's where we need to be. Shall we be off?

ACE:

Not so fast, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Ace, I may make a habit of getting locked up, but I prefer not to be incarcerated for any longer than necessary.

ACE:

You know something, don't you?

DOCTOR:

I know many things, including the time it takes to cook a perfect omelette with the eggs of the Harkolian peahen.

ACE:

Something about what's going on here! That's probably why they locked you up.

DOCTOR:

Not precisely. But I have some very nasty suspicions.

ACE:

Then tell me what they are. After all this time, after everything, after Hex, haven't I earned that?

DOCTOR:

Have you ever heard me talk about the Galparians?

ACE:

Galparians? No.

DOCTOR:

I'm not surprised. There are some species even I fear. I always hoped the Earth would be spared their attentions. But I was wrong.

ACE:

So what are they, then? Conquerors, killer robots, what?

DOCTOR:

Worse than that. They're estate agents.

SCENE 10: INT. DAEDALUS - LOUNGE

GARVEY:

We need a plan.

CYNTHIA:

Not really, there's only three of us on board. Four, if you count the Doctor.

GARVEY:

One of us has a gun. And it's not either of us. There's still some power in the cockpit - I need to work in there without distraction. Can I rely on you, Cynthia?

CYNTHIA:

No-one's ever relied on me before! Actually, lots of people have relied on me, but I've always let them down.

GARVEY:

Again, that's not really helping.

CYNTHIA:

Mervyn, I promise I will do my utmost for you. **(BEAT)** What is an ut?

SCENE 11: INT. DAEDALUS - CORRIDOR

FX: ACE AND THE DOCTOR WALK STEALTHILY

ACE:

So they want to sell the world?

DOCTOR:

They want to sell *this* world, as they have hundreds of thousands of others.

ACE:

Well... they can't.

DOCTOR:

Why not?

ACE:

It's ours.

DOCTOR:

Can you prove that? Do you have any official documentation?

ACE:

I don't even have my twenty-five metres swimming certificate any more. I thought this was going to be some sort of threat. Seriously, there is nothing scary about estate agents.

DOCTOR:

The Galparians' business methods make all other estate agents look ethical by comparison. I don't think you quite appreciate what's about to happen to your home planet.

ACE:

How could I, I've never had a place to sell.

FX: THEY STOP WALKING.

DOCTOR:

This is it - spacesuit storage. **(HE STRUGGLES TO TURN THE WHEEL)** Ace, would you mind?

ACE:

Do a sit-up every couple of hundred years, would you, Professor?

FX: SLOWLY, SHE TURNS THE WHEEL.

DOCTOR:

The Galparians have a standard operating procedure. Stage One: They identify a planet to which no-one has any legal claim. Stage Two: In order to make it more attractive to their clients, they beautify it.

ACE:

They should start with Middlesbrough.

DOCTOR:

To the Galparians, beautification means fumigation: the elimination of pests.

ACE:

Not liking the sound of that.

FX: THE DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Come along, Pest.

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 12: INT. DAEDALUS — STORAGE ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: THEY ENTER. THE ROOM HAS A METAL FLOOR.

ACE:

We've got spacesuits back on the TARDIS, you know.

DOCTOR:

I know. This is where they keep the remains of the crew's remains.

ACE:

In the suits?

DOCTOR:

In the helmets. Look at that.

FX: AS ONE OF THE HELMETS IS MOVED, THICK LIQUID SLOSHES ABOUT.

ACE:

This is what's left of those tourists? I'd say it was impossible, but- I know it's not. I've seen this before.

DOCTOR:

Have you?

ACE:

Yeah. At Gabriel Chase.

SCENE 13: INT. DAEDALUS - LOUNGE

GARVEY:

(WHISPER) She's coming! Act natural!

CYNTHIA:

(HUMS TUNELESSLY)

GARVEY:

Natural-er!

FX: ADRIANA ENTERS.

ADRIANA:

What the hell's the matter with you two?

GARVEY:

Nothing. Just- the usual. Impending death and that.

ADRIANA:

Right. Our intruder's safely locked away.

CYNTHIA:

Do we know how he got on board?

ADRIANA:

I'm certain you don't, Miss Quince. I did a sweep of the ship, and I found a sort of- blue box... thing. I don't know what it's for, but he can't get to it now.

FX: GARVEY SLAPS HIS HANDS.

GARVEY:

Right! Well, I'm just off to, er, use the.. facilities.

ADRIANA:

Don't give us a commentary, just go.

GARVEY:

Look, if something happens to me while I'm away, I just want-

ADRIANA:

It won't matter because the same thing will happen to us sooner or later.

GARVEY:

Good point. Yeah. Bye.

CYNTHIA:

Good luck, Mervyn.

FX: HE LEAVES.

ADRIANA:

I know what he's really doing.

CYNTHIA:

You do?

ADRIANA:

He wants a look at that box.

CYNTHIA:

Right! I expect so, yeah.

SCENE 14: INT. DAEDALUS - CORRIDOR.

FX: DOCTOR AND ACE WALK AT A RAPID PACE.

DOCTOR:

Think of it, Ace. If the Daedalus hadn't been directly in the path of the Galparian signal, what happened to the passengers would be happening all over the Earth!

ACE:

And this signal turns people into cream of mushroom.

DOCTOR:

It's programmed to activate the redundant DNA in the human system. Anyone who hears it reverts to a puddle of primordial sludge.

ACE:

That's the most evil thing I've ever heard!

DOCTOR:

That's estate agents for you. The program must've been downloaded by instruments on the original victim's spacesuit and then re-broadcast periodically throughout the ship.

ACE:

Good thing the power drain happened, they'd all be dead a lot sooner.

FX: SHE STOPS WALKING, AS DOES THE DOCTOR, MOMENTS LATER.

ACE:

Hang on, that doesn't make any sense! Why'd the Galparians design their program to do the one thing that'd stop it working properly?

DOCTOR:

They didn't. Someone else did that, and they probably did it from the cockpit.

ACE:

And now we're going to undo it?

DOCTOR:

No, it's the power drain that's keeping us alive. I just want to look at the passenger manifest. You wouldn't mind giving me a hand with the doors again?

SCENE 15: INT. DAEDALUS - LOUNGE.

CYNTHIA:

Listen, Adriana...

ADRIANA:

Captain.

CYNTHIA:

It strikes me that we haven't really talked - got to know each other.

ADRIANA:

You know, we haven't.

CYNTHIA:

I know!

ADRIANA:

And I'll be damned if I'm going to start now.

CYNTHIA:

Rude. We'll just have to find another way to pass the time.

ADRIANA:

Like what?

CYNTHIA:

I don't know. What if I were to punch you in the face?

ADRIANA:

I'd like to see you try.

CYNTHIA:

Really? Would you?

SCENE 16: INT. DAEDALUS - COCKPIT.

FX: THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER WHIRRS.

DOCTOR:

It doesn't seem to be working. Perhaps if I reversed the popularity...

ACE:

Polarity!

DOCTOR:

Polarity, sorry. Haven't done that in a while. Oh well, old habits dye scarves.

FX: HE TRIES THE SCREWDRIVER AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

That's more like it! Good work, old boy!

ACE:

Why are we wasting time with the passenger manifest? If we weren't supposed to land on the Daedalus, why should we know anyone on board?

FX: THE MANIFEST BLEEPS ONTO THE SCREEN. 'SCROLLING' EFFECT.

ACE:

Besides, won't these Galparians just use their program again, as soon as they realise what happened?

DOCTOR:

Good questions all, Ace. And I have one for you - do any of these names seem familiar?

ACE:

No.

DOCTOR:

Look, one cancellation - interesting. A chat with Captain Beauvais is in order, I think.

FX: THEY MARCH OUT.

ACE:

(DEPARTING) Seeing as how she thinks you're locked up, how d'you suppose she's going to react?

DOCTOR:

(DEPARTING) Based on what little I know of her, I expect she'll be furious...

(BEAT)

GARVEY:

(TO SELF) I thought they'd never leave.

FX: HE RISES SLOWLY FROM A CONFINED AREA.

GARVEY:

(GROANS) Aah! That cramp's not going away anytime soon. At least they didn't see me. Well, Doctor, looks like you've done half my job for me - thanks! Let's hope Cynthia's keeping the Captain distracted..

SCENE 17: INT. DAEDALUS - LOUNGE.

FX: A MASSIVE FIGHT. BROKEN FURNITURE AND GLASS.

ADRIANA:

(HER CRIES SUGGEST SHE'S GETTING THE WORST OF IT)

CYNTHIA:

You like that, do ya? Four years of martial arts training! Your gun's no good now, is it? By the way, I'm sick of the way you talk down to everyone, *and* there were no fresh towels in my cabin after the first day!

ADRIANA:

Think you're tough? This is what tough feels like! (THROWS PUNCH...)

FX: HER FIST COLLIDES WITH CYNTHIA'S METAL PLATE.

ADRIANA:

(HOWLS)

CYNTHIA:

Titanium, love! Top of the line!

FX: THEY HIT THE FLOOR, ADRIANA CONTINUES TO STRUGGLE.

ADRIANA:

Let-go-of-me!

CYNTHIA:

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

ADRIANA:

Obviously!

CYNTHIA:

Tough! I can keep you pinned down like this for hours!

ADRIANA:

When you let me up, I am going to kill you!

FX: THE DOCTOR AND ACE ENTER.

DOCTOR:

Not much of an incentive.

CYNTHIA:

Doctor!

ADRIANA:

And who's *this*?

ACE:

Did he say he had no-one with him?

ADRIANA:

Yes.

ACE:

He lied.

DOCTOR:

Ace, say hello to Cynthia Quince and Captain Beauvais. Ladies, there's no need to fight over me.

ADRIANA:

We're not!

DOCTOR:

Well, please stop, all the same.

ADRIANA:

What do you want on my ship?

ACE:

Long story short: aliens, real estate, deadly computer program, Earth in danger.

DOCTOR:

Now, Cynthia, would you be so kind as to let the Captain up, so I can shake her hand?

CYNTHIA:

What? Why?

FX: CYNTHIA AND ADRIANA GET UP.

DOCTOR:

For saving the planet. By shutting off the ship's power, she prevented the program from ever reaching Earth.

CYNTHIA:

She did that?

ADRIANA:

That's right.

DOCTOR:

But not for the sake of humanity. On second thoughts, I've had a change of hearts; I don't think I *would* like to shake your hand. You see, you didn't sacrifice the passengers on this ship to save the Earth... did you?

SCENE 18: INT. DAEDALUS - COCKPIT.

FX: GARVEY FINISHES TAPPING ON A KEYPAD.

GARVEY:

That ought to do it. Come get us, fellas.

FX: A CRUNCH OF A ROLLED-UP PIECE OF PAPER.

GARVEY:

Oh yeah. Cynthia's letter. What was that all about, anyway...?

FX: HE FLATTENS THE PAPER OUT

GARVEY:

(READS) "It's been so long since I had to write anything by hand..."

SCENE 19: INT. DAEDALUS - LOUNGE.

ADRIANA:

My reasons were far from petty, Doctor. Can you imagine the lawsuits I'd be looking at once we got back?

CYNTHIA:

Lawsuits?

ADRIANA:

Failure to provide adequate quarantine facilities.

ACE:

If by "adequate" you mean "any".

ADRIANA:

This is my company, my ship! It would've crippled me!

ACE:

Whereas, if you stay up here, you just get killed. You really have a weird set of priorities, you know that?

ADRIANA:

There's no point carrying on a life that's not worth living.

CYNTHIA:

We didn't get a say in that!

ADRIANA:

Who? You and the passengers whose names you couldn't be bothered to remember?

ACE:

You can carry on this fight when we get back on the ground - I'll even referee. But some aliens just tried to melt the human race! How long 'til they try again?

DOCTOR:

I think we have a little time, Ace. What's important is the original program's trapped inside the ship's systems. So long as no-one contacts Earth-

FX: GARVEY ENTERS.

GARVEY:

I did it, I contacted Earth.

DOCTOR:

WHAT!!!

GARVEY:

Distress call sent, just waiting on a reply. Who's your friend, by the way?

DOCTOR:

You idiot!

GARVEY:

Yeah, I just saved us all, no thanks to *you*, Captain!

FX: HE PRODUCES THE PAPER.

GARVEY:

Look what I found - a confession!

CYNTHIA:

That's old news, Mervyn.

DOCTOR:

Why will no-one listen to me when I'm calling them an idiot? The Galparian program will be embedded in that distress call! It's on the way to Earth right now!

ADRIANA:

How long do they have? Days?

DOCTOR:

Probably hours. Adriana, you may not care about anyone on this ship, but how do you feel about an entire world?

BEAT.

ADRIANA:

What do you want me to do?

DOCTOR:

Restore power.

ADRIANA:

On it!

FX: SHE LEAVES AT A RUN.

CYNTHIA:

I thought if that happened, we were all dead.

ACE:

It's not going to matter if there's nowhere to go home to!

GARVEY:

Hold on, hold on. I'd like an explanation if it's not too much trouble.

DOCTOR:

It is! Where's the nearest communications console?

CYNTHIA:

Ten metres down on your left.

DOCTOR:

Come on, Ace!

FX: HE LEAVES.

GARVEY:

I'm not following this at all. What's a Galparian, and what's this about a signal?

ACE:

There's no time for this any more! Look, you trusted the Doctor when you thought he was here to help, didn't you?

GARVEY:

So?

ACE:

He really *is* here to help. He just didn't know it then. Gotta go!

SHE EXITS INTO:

SCENE 19: INT. DAEDALUS — COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE

FX: THE DOCTOR TYPES AT SPEED.

DOCTOR:

I do so hate last-minute complications!

FX: ACE ARRIVES, RUNNING.

ACE:

What are you doing?

DOCTOR:

Several ingenious things at once — I hope. It all depends on the Daedalus's processing capacity.

ACE:

Cross your fingers, then.

DOCTOR:

I'd rather not — it's going to make locating the Galparians even trickier.

ACE:

You're never going to be able to get in touch with them from here!

DOCTOR:

I don't need to. I just need to locate one of their advertising satellites... express my interest...

FX: HE STOPS TYPING.

DOCTOR:

... and wait for a response.

FX: THE BAILIFF'S VOICE IS DISTORTED AS IT COMES OVER A SCREEN.

BAILIFF:

Good-day, valued customer.

DOCTOR:

Am I speaking to the Galparian Bailiff?

BAILIFF:

You are indeed, Mr...?

DOCTOR:

Doctor. The Doctor.

BAILIFF:

As you wish. And you're interested in... **(LOOKING IT UP)** the planet... Earth.

DOCTOR:

It's just come on the market, I understand.

BAILIFF:

Yes. What can I tell you about it? Do you have any questions?

ACE:

I've got a question. Why don't you take your rental service and-

DOCTOR:

Ace!

BAILIFF:

Children, they're such a blessing, aren't they? And so boisterous.

DOCTOR:

Oh, she'll sleep tonight.

BAILIFF:

Rest assured, there's plenty of space for her to tire herself out on Earth.

DOCTOR:

Yes, about the name...

BAILIFF:

It is a bit on the ordinary side, isn't it? If you buy outright, you're welcome to change it as you wish **(SUDDEN SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH - PAINED)** Ahhh! Itching.

ACE:

That'll be your conscience prickling.

DOCTOR:

Ace, please. The bailiff and I are negotiating.

FX: THE BAILIFF SCRATCHES.

BAILIFF:

Do forgive me. Must be a reaction to something. Speaking of which, you're not allergic to water, by any chance?

DOCTOR:

Water?

BAILIFF:

There's rather a lot of it, on Earth. If you want the oceans filling in, we can recommend a good contractor - he's fully licensed, very reliable.

DOCTOR:

That won't be necessary. You see, I have no intention of purchasing the Earth.

BAILIFF:

A hoax call. I see. I thought someone of your age would know better.

FX: HE SCRATCHES AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid I never learn. But you misunderstand me. The planet is off the market. I need you to issue the kill code that will nullify your 'Beautification' process.

BAILIFF:

Ummm... No.

DOCTOR:

I thought you might say that. Which is why I added a small incentive.

ACE:

Did he have that rash before?

BAILIFF:

Rash! (**SHRIEKS**)

DOCTOR:

Now that I have your attention... I want you to issue your kill code. Then I'll issue mine.

ACE:

Yours?

FX: SCRATCHING FRANTICALLY NOW.

BAILIFF:

What's happening to me?

DOCTOR:

It becomes unpleasant rather quickly, fatal shortly thereafter.

ACE:

You did this, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Sh! The kill code, please, Bailiff.

BAILIFF:

Yes! Yes! Ow! Ah!

FX: HE SCRATCHES AND TAPS KEYS (A TONE ACCOMPANIES EACH TAP).

BAILIFF:

There! Now you!

DOCTOR:

With pleasure.

FX: THE DOCTOR USES HIS KEYBOARD.

DOCTOR:

Oh, and if you're thinking of attempting something like this again, I've been looking over your own bye-laws. It appears that by saving the Earth on multiple occasions, I am now its *de facto* owner.

ACE:

You are?

DOCTOR:

Feel free to check my bona fides with the races I've confounded. You might want to start alphabetically, with the Autons and the Axons, or you could just jump straight to the Daleks.

BAILIFF:

The Dal... That will not be necessary. The planet is no longer among our listings! Good day!

FX: THE TRANSMISSION CUTS OUT.

DOCTOR:

And that, Ace, is what's known as "hard bargaining."

SCENE 20: INT. DAEDALUS — COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE

FX: DOCTOR, ACE, CYNTHIA AND GARVEY APPROACH.

ACE:

You know, sometimes I forget how ruthless you can be, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Ruthless? Nonsense! I have a positive over-abundance of ruth.

ACE:

You did to the Bailiff exactly what he did to humanity.

DOCTOR:

Not exactly. (FX: ALL STOP WALKING) My program was merely a simulation of a touch of Draconian scale rot. It might itch a bit for a year or six. You don't disapprove, I hope?

CYNTHIA:

I don't. — So this is that blue box Adriana was talking about?

GARVEY:

I hope it's roomier than it looks.

DOCTOR:

Deceptively so.

GARVEY:

Ace tells me you're the rightful owner of the Earth now.

DOCTOR:

So it would seem.

GARVEY:

Should we be worried? I mean, do you have any plans for it?

DOCTOR:

One or two ideas in the short term. And what about you, Mr Garvey? Cynthia tells me you "do" computers.

GARVEY:

That's where I made my money, yeah. But the space tourism business... Maybe there's still a future in it. 'Course, it'll probably take about ten years to build up investor confidence.

DOCTOR:

Twelve. (BEAT) I would imagine.

CYNTHIA:

Oh, nearly forgot! Captain Beauvais says she's sorry she couldn't be here to see you off. Something like that, it was hard to make out through a locked door.

GARVEY:

I wonder if the authorities will arrest her or give her a medal.

ACE:

Maybe both.

DOCTOR:

Well, it's been a thin slice of heaven, but Ace and I really must be going.

FX: HE TURNS A KEY AND OPENS THE TARDIS DOOR.

DOCTOR:

Cynthia, Mervyn - I wish you better luck with your next holiday.

DOCTOR AND ACE ENTER INTO:

21: INT. TARDIS - CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: DOORS CLOSING BEHIND THEM.

DOCTOR:

Where next, Ace? The TARDIS is yours to command.

ACE:

I wish. I don't think it wants me at the controls.

DOCTOR:

She.

ACE:

Suit yourself. You can tell her I know when I'm beaten - you can choose the destinations from now on. **(DEPARTING)** Any aliens show up wanting to kill me, point them in the direction of my room.

DOCTOR:

I'll tell them not to wake you. **(PAUSE)** I know what you're playing at. I'm talking to you, "Old Girl". You're the one setting the controls, and I think I know why. You're looking for someone, aren't you? Someone who fell foul of the Porcians?

FX: THE CONTROLS BEEP.

DOCTOR:

I thought so. And that same someone was invited to Edwin Norris' party under the name 'Ms Zingiber' ... and was a guest at the Grand Betelguese Hotel... *and* failed to take her place on the Daedalus.

FX: ANOTHER BEEP.

DOCTOR:

You've not been having much success, have you? So... let me help.

FX: A BEEP OF ASSENT, FOLLOWED BY THE DEMATERIALISATION NOISE.

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME.